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1817
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY MACKENZIE, Esq.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. WILLIAM CREECH,

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1808.

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PAPERS

FROM

The Mirror.

A

PERIODICAL PUBLICATION,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEAR

1779 AND 1780.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WITHOUT meaning to encroach on the literary rights of any other writer in the Mirror *and* Lounger, *I have been obliged, in a few instances, to publish in this edition parts of papers written by others, in order to introduce, or to render intelligible, other parts composed by me. I have not thought it necessary to give all the smaller articles, which, as conductor of those two periodical publications, I was often obliged to add, to interpolate, or materially to alter. They would indeed, I am afraid, in some instances, have done me little credit: the conductor of such periodical works necessarily writes under great disadvantage; his friends or contributors* may *write, but, when the day of publication arrives, he* must *write; must write frequently with a haste that destroys correctness, and in circumstances very unfavourable to composition; must sometimes assume a gaiety of subject, and a vivacity of*

stile, foreign to his immediate situation, or to the actual state of his mind. To borrow a simile often applied to his undertaking, he is the conductor of a stage *vehicle, which must run in all weathers, and in all states of the road; and it is not much to be wondered at if he should sometimes be dull or careless by the way.*

PAPERS

FROM

THE MIRROR.

No. 2. SATURDAY, *January* 30, 1779.

No child ever heard from its nurse the story of *Jack the Giant-Killer's cap of darkness*, without envying the pleasures of invisibility; and the idea of *Gyges's Ring* has made, I believe, many a grave mouth water.

This power is, in some degree, possessed by the writer of an anonymous paper. He can at least exercise it for a purpose, for which people would be most apt to

use the privilege of being invisible, to wit, that of hearing what is said of himself.

A few hours after the publication of my First Number, I sallied forth with all the advantages of invisibility, to hear an account of myself and my paper. I must confess, however, that, for some time, I was mortified by hearing no such account at all; the first company I visited, being dull enough to talk about last night's *Advertiser*, instead of the *Mirror*; and the second, which consisted of ladies, to whom I ventured to mention the appearance of my First Number, making a sudden digression to the price of a new-fashioned lustring, and the colour of the trimming with which it would be proper to make it up into a gown. Nor was I more fortunate in the third place, where I contrived to introduce the subject of my publication, though it was a coffee-house, where it is actually taken in for the use of the customers; a set of old gentlemen,

at one table, throwing it aside to talk over a bargain; and a company of young ones, at another, breaking off in the middle to decide a match at billiards.

It was not till I arrived at the place of its birth, that I met with any traces of its fame. In the well-known shop of my Editor I found it the subject of conversation; though I must own that, even here, some little quackery was used for the purpose; as he had taken care to have several copies lying open on the table, besides the conspicuous appearance of the subscription-paper hung up fronting the door, with the word MIRROR a-top, printed in large capitals.

The first question I found agitated was concerning the author, that being a point within the reach of every capacity. Mr Creech, though much importuned on this head, knew his business better than to satisfy their curiosity: so the hounds were cast off to find him, and many a different

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scent they hit on. First, he was a Clergyman, then a Professor, then a Player, then a Gentleman of the Exchequer who writes plays, then a Lawyer, a Doctor of Laws, a Commissioner of the Customs, a Baron of the Exchequer, a Lord of Session, a Peer of the Realm. A critic, who talked much about *style*, was positive as to the *sex* of the writer, and declared it to be *female*, strengthening his conjecture by the *name* of the paper, which he said would not readily have occurred to a man. He added, that it was full of Scotticisms, which sufficiently marked it to be a *home production*.

This led to animadversions on the work itself, which were begun by an observation of my own, that it seemed, from the slight perusal I had given it, to be tolerably well written. The critic above mentioned strenuously supported the contrary opinion, and concluded his strictures, on this particular publication, with a general

remark on all modern ones, that there was no force of thought, nor beauty of composition, to be found in them.

An elderly gentleman, who said he had a guess at the author, prognosticated, that the paper would be used as the vehicle of a system of *scepticism*, and that he had very little doubt of seeing Mr Hume's posthumous works introduced in it. A short squat man, with a carbuncled face, maintained, that it was designed to propagate *methodism*; and said, he believed it to be the production of a disciple of Mr John Wesley. A gentleman in a gold chain differed from both; and told us he had been informed, from very good authority, that the paper was intended for political purposes.

A smart-looking young man, in green, said he was sure it would be very satirical: his companion, in scarlet, was equally certain that it would be very stupid. But with this last prediction I was not

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much offended, when I discovered that its author had not read the First Number, but only enquired of Mr Creech where it was published.

A plump round figure, near the fire, who had just put on his spectacles to examine the paper, closed the debate, by observing, with a grave aspect, that as the author was anonymous, it was proper to be very cautious in talking of the performance. After glancing over the pages, he said, he could have wished they had set apart a corner for intelligence from America: but, having taken off his spectacles, wiped, and put them into their case, he said, with a tone of discovery, he had found out the reason why there was nothing of that sort in the MIRROR; it was in order to save the tax upon newspapers.

Upon getting home to my lodgings, and reflecting on what I had heard, I was for some time in doubt, whether I should

not put an end to these questions at once, by openly publishing my name and intentions to the world. But I am prevented from discovering the first, by a certain bashfulness, of which even my travels have not been able to cure me; from declaring the last, by being really unable to declare them. The complexion of my paper will depend on a thousand circumstances, which it is impossible to foresee. Besides these little changes, to which every one is liable from external circumstances, I must fairly acknowledge, that my mind is naturally much more various than my situation. The disposition of the author will not always correspond with the temper of the man: in the first character I may sometimes indulge a sportiveness to which I am a stranger in the latter, and escape from a train of very different thoughts, into the occasional gaiety of the MIRROR.

The general tendency of my lucubrations, however, I have signified in my First Number, in allusion to my title: I mean to shew the world what it is, and will sometimes endeavour to point out what it should be.

Somebody has compared the publisher of a periodical paper of this kind, to the owner of a stage-coach, who is obliged to run his vehicle with or without passengers. One might carry on the allusion through various points of similarity. I must confess to my customers, that the road we are to pass together is not a new one; that it has been travelled again and again, and that, too, in much better carriages than mine. I would only insinuate, that, though the great objects are still the same, there are certain little edifices, some beautiful, some grotesque, and some ridiculous, which people, on every side of the road, are daily building, in the prospect of which we may find some amusement.

Their fellow-passengers will sometimes be persons of high, and sometimes of low rank, as in other stage-coaches; like them too, sometimes grave, sometimes facetious; but that ladies, and men of delicacy, may not be afraid to take places, they may be assured, that no scurrilous or indecent company will ever be admitted.

No. 5. WEDNESDAY, *February* 10, 1779.

PEDANTRY, in the common sense of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning, and stiffness of phraseology, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men.

But I have often thought, that we might extend its signification a good deal farther; and, in general, apply it to that failing, which disposes a person to obtrude upon others subjects of conversation relating to his own business, studies, or amusement.

In this sense of the phrase, we should find *pedants* in every character and condition of life. Instead of a black coat and plain shirt, we should often see pedantry appear in an embroidered suit and

Brussels lace; instead of being bedaubed with snuff, we should find it breathing perfumes; and, in place of a book-worm, crawling through the gloomy cloisters of an university, we should mark it in the state of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of the drawing-room.

Robert Daisey, Esq. is a pedant of this last kind. When he tells you that his ruffles cost twenty guineas a pair; that his buttons were the first of the kind, made by one of the most eminent artists in Birmingham; that his buckles were procured by means of a friend at Paris, and are the exact pattern of those worn by the Comte d'Artois; that the loop of his hat was of his own contrivance, and has set the fashion to half a dozen of the finest fellows in town: when he descants on all these particulars, with that smile of self-complacency which sits for ever on his cheek, he is as much a pedant as his quondam tutor, who recites verses from

Pindar, tells stories out of Herodotus, and talks for an hour on the energy of the Greek particles.

But Mr Daisey is struck dumb by the approach of his brother Sir Thomas, whose pedantry goes a pitch higher, and pours out all the intelligence of France and Italy, whence the young baronet is just returned, after a tour of fifteen months over all the kingdoms of the continent. Talk of music, he cuts you short with the history of the first singer at Naples; of painting, he runs you down with a description of the gallery at Florence; of architecture, he overwhelms you with the dimensions of St Peter's, or the great church at Antwerp; or, if you leave the province of art altogether, and introduce the name of a river or hill, he instantly deluges you with the Rhine, or makes you dizzy with the height of Etna or Mont Blanc.

Miss will have no difficulty of owning her great aunt to be a pedant, when she

talks all the time of dinner on the composition of the pudding, or the seasoning of the mince-pies; or enters into a disquisition on the figure of the damask table-cloth, with a word or two on the thrift of making one's own linen: but the young lady will be surprised when I inform her, that her own history of last Thursday's assembly, with the episode of Lady Di's feather, and the digression to the qualities of Mr Frizzle the hair-dresser, was also a piece of downright pedantry.

Mrs Caudle is guilty of the same weakness, when she recounts the numberless witticisms of her daughter Emmy, describes the droll figure her little Bill made yesterday at trying on his first pair of breeches, and informs us, that Bobby has got seven teeth, and is just cutting an eighth, though he will be but nine months old next Wednesday at six o'clock in the evening. Nor is her pedantry less disgusting, when she proceeds to enumerate

the virtues and good qualities of her husband; though this last species is so uncommon, that it may, perhaps, be admitted into conversation for the sake of variety.

Muckworm is the meanest of pedants, when he tells you of the scarcity of money at present, and that he is amazed how people can afford to live as they do; that, for his part, though he has a tolerable fortune, he finds it exceedingly difficult to command cash for his occasions; that trade is so dead, and debts so ill paid, that he was obliged to sell some shares of bank stock to make up the price of his last purchase; and had actually countermanded a service of plate, else he should have been obliged to strike several names out of the list of his weekly pensioners; that this apology was sustained t'other day by the noble company, (giving you a list of three or four peers, and their families,) who did him the honour to eat a bit

of mutton with him. All this, however, is true. As is also another anecdote, which Muckworm forgot to mention: his first cousin dined that day with the servants, who took compassion on the lad, after he had been turned down stairs, with a refusal of twenty pounds to set him up in the trade of a shoemaker.

There is pedantry in every disquisition, however masterly it may be, that stops the general conversation of the company. When Silius delivers that sort of lecture he is apt to get into, though it is supported by the most extensive information, and the clearest discernment, it is still pedantry; and, while I admire the talents of Silius, I cannot help being uneasy at his exhibition of them. In the course of this dissertation, the farther a man proceeds, the more he seems to acquire strength and inclination for the progress. Last night, after supper, Silius began upon Protestanism, proceeded to the Irish

massacre, went through the Revolution, drew the character of King William, repeated anecdotes of Schomberg, and ended at a quarter past twelve, by delineating the course of the Boyne, in half a bumper of port, upon my best table: which river, happening to overflow its banks, did infinite damage to my cousin Sophy's white sattin petticoat.

In short, every thing, in this sense of the word, is *Pedantry*, which tends to destroy that equality of conversation which is necessary to the perfect ease and good-humour of the company. Every one would be struck with the impoliteness of that person's behaviour, who should help himself to a whole plate of pease or strawberries, which some friend had sent him for a rarity in the beginning of the season. Now, *Conversation* is one of those good things, of which our guests or companions are equally entitled to a share, as of any other constituent part of the

entertainment; and it is as essential a want of politeness to engross the one, as to monopolize the other.

Besides, it unfortunately happens, that we are very inadequate judges of the value of our own discourse, or the rate at which the dispositions of our company will incline them to hold it. The reflections we make, and the stories we tell, are to be judged of by others, who may hold a very different opinion of their acuteness or their humour. It will be prudent, therefore, to consider, that the dish we bring to this entertainment, however pleasing to our own taste, may prove but moderately palatable to those we mean to treat with it; and that, to every man, as well as ourselves, (except a few very humble ones,) his own conversation is the *plate of pease or strawberries.*

No. 7. TUESDAY, *February* 16, 1779.

Indocilis privata loqui. LUC.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a sort of retainer to the muses; and though I cannot boast of much familiarity with themselves, hold a subordinate intimacy with several branches of the family. I never made verses, but I can repeat several thousands. Though I am not a writer, I am reckoned a very ready expounder of *enigmas;* and I have given many good hints towards the composition of some favourite *rebuses* and *charades*. I have also a very competent share of classical learning; I can con-

strue Latin when there is an English version on the opposite column, and read the Greek character with tolerable facility; I speak a little French, and can make shift to understand the subject of an Italian opera.

With these qualifications, Sir, I am held in considerable estimation by the wits of both sexes. I am sometimes allowed to clap first at a play, and pronounce a firm *encore* after a fashionable song. I am consulted by several ladies before they stick their pin into the catalogue of the *circulating library;* and have translated to some polite companies all the mottoes of your paper, except the last, which, being somewhat crabbed, I did not chuse to risk my credit by attempting. I have at last ventured to put myself into print in the Mirror; and send you information of a scheme I have formed for making my talents serviceable to the republic of letters.

Every one must have observed the utility of a proper selection of *names* to a play or a novel. The bare sounds of Monimia or Imoinda set a tender-hearted young lady a-crying; and a letter from Edward to Maria, contains a sentiment in the very title.

Were I to illustrate this by an opposite example, as schoolmasters give exercises of bad Latin, the truth of my assertion would appear in a still stronger light.

Suppose, Sir, one had a mind to write a very pathetic story of the disastrous loves of a young lady and a young gentleman, the first of whom was called Gubbins, and the latter Gubblestones, two very respectable names in some parts of our neighbour-country. The Gubbinses, from an ancient family-feud, had a mortal antipathy at the Gubblestones; this, however, did not prevent the attachment of the heir of the last, to the heiress of the former; an attachment begun by ac-

cident, increased by acquaintance, and nourished by mutual excellence. But the hatred of the fathers was unconquerable; and old Gubbins having intercepted a letter from young Gubblestones, breathed the most horrid denunciations of vengeance against his daughter, if ever he should discover the smallest intercourse between her, and the son of his enemy; and further, effectually to preclude any chance of an union with so hated a name, he instantly proposed a marriage between her and a young gentleman lately returned from his travels, a Mr Clutterbuck, who had seen her at a ball, and was deeply smitten with her beauty. On being made acquainted with this intended match, Gubblestones grew almost frantic with grief and despair. Wandering round the house where his loved Gubbins was confined, he chanced to meet Mr Clutterbuck hastening to an interview with his destined bride. Stung with jealousy

and rage, reckless of life, and regardless of the remonstrances of his rival, he drew, and attacked him with desperate fury. Both swords were sheathed at once in the breasts of the combatants. Clutterbuck died on the spot: his antagonist lived but to be carried to the house of his implacable enemy, and breathed his last at the feet of his mistress. The dying words of Gubblestones, the succeeding phrenzy and death of Gubbins, the relenting sorrow of their parents, with a description of the tomb in which Gubbins, Gubblestones, and Clutterbuck, were laid, finish the piece, and would leave on the mind of the reader the highest degree of melancholy and distress, were it not for the unfortunate sounds which compose the *names* of the actors in this eventful story; yet these names, Mr Mirror, are really and truly right English surnames, and have as good a title to be unfortunate as

those of Mordaunt, Montague, or Howard.

Nor is it only in the sublime or the pathetic, that a happy choice of names is essential to good writing. *Comedy* is so much beholden to this article, that I have known some with scarcely any wit or character but what was contained in the *dramatis personæ*. Every other species of writing, in which humour or character is to be personified, is in the same predicament, and depends for great part of its applause on the knack of hitting off a lucky allusion from the name to the person. Your brother essayists have been particularly indebted to this invention, for supplying them with a very necessary material in the construction of their papers. In the Spectator, I find, from an examination of my notes on this subject, there are 532 names of characters and correspondents, 394 of which are descriptive and characteristic.

Having thus shewn the importance of the art of *name-making*, I proceed to inform you of my plan for assisting authors in this particular, and saving them that expence of time and study which the invention of names proper for different purposes must occasion.

I have, from a long course of useful and extensive reading, joined to an uncommon strength of memory, been enabled to form a kind of dictionary of names for all sorts of subjects, pathetic, sentitimental, serious, satirical, or merry. For novelists, I have made a collection of the best sounding English, or English-like, French, or French-like names; I say, the best sounding, sound being the only thing necessary in that department. For comic writers, and essayists of your tribe, Sir, I have made up from the works of former authors, as well as from my own invention, a list of names, with the characters or subjects to which they allude

prefixed. A learned friend has furnished me with a parcel of signatures for political, philosophical, and religious essayists in the newspapers, among which are no fewer than eighty-six compounds beginning with *philo*, which are all from four to seven syllables long, and cannot fail to have a powerful tendency towards the edification and conviction of country-readers.

For the use of serious poetry, I have a set of names, tragic, elegiac, pastoral, and legendary; for songs, satires, and epigrams, I have a parcel properly corresponding to those departments. A column is subjoined, shewing the number of feet whereof they consist; that being a requisite chiefly to be attended to, in names destined for the purposes of poetry. Some of them, indeed, are so happily contrived, that, by means of an easy and natural construction, they can be shortened or lengthened, (like a pocket-

telescope,) according to the structure of the line in which they are to be introduced; others, by the assistance of proper interjections, are ready made into smooth flowing hexameters, and will be found extremely useful, particularly to our writers of tragedy.

All these, Sir, the fruits of several years labour and industry, I am ready to communicate for an adequate consideration, to authors, or other persons whom they may suit. Be pleased, therefore, to inform your correspondents, that, by applying to your publisher, they may be informed, in the language of Falstaff, "where a commodity of good names is to be bought." As for your own particular, Sir, I am ready to attend you *gratis*, at any time you may stand in need of my assistance; or you may write out your papers blank, and send them to me to fill up the names of the parties.

I am yours, &c.

NOMENCLATOR.

No. 11. TUESDAY, *March* 2, 1779.

SINCE the commencement of the late levies, I understand, that not only drill serjeants have had daily access to the lobbies and parlours of many decent and peaceable houses in this metropolis, but that professors of *the noble science of defence* have been so constantly occupied in attending grown gentlemen, and ungrown officers, that the former scholars have found great difficulty in procuring masters to push with them, and have frequently been obliged to have recourse to the less edifying opposition of one another.

The purpose of the *serjeant's* instructions, every lover of his country must ap-

prove. The last-mentioned art, that of fencing, I formerly took great delight in myself, and still account one of the healthiest of all house exercises; insomuch that when I am in the country, where I make it a rule to spend a certain part of every day in exercise of some kind, I generally take up my foil in rainy mornings, and push with great success against the figure of Herod, in a piece of old arras that was taken down from my grand-mother's room, and is now pasted up on the wall of the laundry.

When those two sciences, however, go upon actual service, they are to be considered in different lights. That of the serjeant, as it teaches a man to stand well on his legs, to carry his body firm, and to move it alertly, is much the same as the fencing-master's; but in their last stage they depart somewhat from each other; the serjeant proposes to qualify a man for encountering his enemy in bat-

tle, the other to fit him for meeting his companion, or friend it may be, in a duel.

My readers will, I hope, give me credit for the Mirror being always a very *polite* paper; I am not, therefore, at all disposed to bestow on a practice so gentleman-like as duelling, those severe reprehensions, equally trite and unjust, in which some of my predecessors have indulged themselves. During my residence abroad, I was made perfectly acquainted with the arguments drawn in its favour, from the influence it has on the manners of the gentleman and the honour of the soldier. It is my intention only to point out those bounds within which the most punctilious valour may be contented to restrain itself; and in this I shall be the more guarded, as I mean the present paper principally for the use of the new-raised regiments above alluded to, whose honour I dearly prize, and would preserve as scrupulously inviolate as possible.

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I hold such an essay peculiarly proper at this juncture, when some of them are about to embark on long voyages, in which even good-natured people, being tacked together like man and wife, are somewhat apt to grow peevish and quarrelsome.

In the *first* place, I will make one general observation, that, at this busy time, when our country has need of men, lives are of more value to the community than at other periods. In time of peace, so many regiments are reduced, and the duties of an officer so easily performed, that if one fall, and another be hanged for killing him, there will speedily be found two proper young men ready to mount guard, and shew a good leg on the parade, in their room. But, at present, from the great increase of the establishment, there is rather a scarcity, in proportion to the demand, of men of military talents, and military figure; especially when we consider

that the war is now to be carried on against so genteel a people as the French, to whom it will be necessary to shew officers of the most soldier-like appearance and address.

This patriotic consideration will tend to relax the *etiquette* formerly established, for every officer to fight a duel within a few weeks of the date of his commission, and that, too, without the purpose of resenting any affront, or vindicating his honour from any aspersion, but merely to shew that he could fight. Now, this practice being unnecessary at present, as preferment goes on briskly enough by the fall of officers in the course of their duty, may very properly, and without disparagement to the valour of the British army, be dispensed with; so, it is to be agreed and understood, that every officer in the new-raised regiments, whose commissions bear date on or posterior to the 1st of January 1778, is, *ipso facto*, to

be held and deemed of unquestionable courage and immaculate honour.

As to the measure of affront which may justify a challenge, it is to be remembered, that the officers of the above-mentioned corps have been obliged, in levying their respective quotas, to engage in scenes of a very particular kind; at markets, fairs, country-weddings, and city-brawls, amongst a set of men and women not remarkable for delicacy of language, or politeness of behaviour. We are not, therefore, to wonder if the smooth enamel of the gentleman has received some little injury from the collision of such coarse materials; and a certain time may fairly be allowed for unlearning the blunt manners and rough phraseology which an officer in such situations was forced to assume. Therefore the identical words which, a campaign or two hence, are to be held expiable only by blood, may, at present, be done away by an expla-

nation; and those which an officer must then explain and account for at the peril of a challenge, are now to be considered as mere colloquial expletives, acquired by associating with such company as frequent the places above described.

As, notwithstanding all these allowances, some duels may be expected to take place, it is proper to mention certain regulations for the conduct of the parties, in the construction of which I have paid infinitely more regard to their honour than to their safety.

In fighting with the sword, a blow, or the lie direct, can scarcely be expiated but by a thrust through the body; but any lesser affront may be wiped off by a wound in the sword arm; or, if the injury be very slight, any wound will be sufficient. In all this, it is to be noted, that the receiving of such a wound by either party constitutes a reparation for the affront; as it is a rule of justice pe-

culiar to the code of duelling, that the blood of the injured atones for the offence he has received, as well as that of the injurer for the offence he has given.

In affairs decided with pistols, the distance is, in like manner, to be regulated by the nature of the injury. For those of an atrocious sort, a distance of only twenty feet, and pistols of nine, nine-and-a-half, or ten-inch barrels, are requisite; for slighter ones, the distance may be doubled, and a six or even five-inch barrel will serve. Regard, moreover, is to be had to the size of the persons engaged; for every stone above eleven, the party of such weight may, with perfect honour, retire three feet.

I read, some time ago, certain addresses to the Jockey Club, by two gentlemen who had been engaged in an affair of honour; from which it appeared, that one of them had systematized the art of duelling to a wonderful degree. Among other things,

he had brought his aim with a pistol to so much certainty, and made such improvements on the weapon, that he could lay a hundred guineas to ten on hitting, at a considerable distance, any part of his adversary's body. These arts, however, I by no means approve: they resemble, methinks, a loaded die, or a packed deal; and I am inclined to be of opinion, that a gentleman is no more obliged to fight againt the first, than to play against the latter. They may, in the mildest construction, be compared to the sure play of a man who can take every ball at billiards; and therefore, if it shall be judged that an ordinary marksman must fight with the person possessed of them, he is, at least, entitled to odds, and must be allowed three shots to one of his antagonist.

I have thus, with some labour, and I hope strict honour, settled certain articles in the matter of duelling, for such of my readers as may have occasion for them.

It is but candid, however, to own, that there have been, now and then, brilliant things done quite without the line of my directions, to wit, by not fighting at all. The Abbé ———, with whom I was disputing at Paris on this subject, concluded his arguments against duelling with a story, which, though I did not think it much to the purpose, was a tolerable story notwithstanding. I shall give it in the very words of the Abbé.

"A countryman of yours, a Captain Douglas, was playing at *Trictrac* with a very intimate friend, here in this very coffee-house, amidst a circle of French officers, who were looking on. Some dispute arising about a cast of the dice, Douglas said in a gay thoughtless manner, 'Oh! what a story!' A murmur arose among the bystanders; and his antagonist feeling the affront, as if the lie had been given him, in the violence of his passion, snatched up the tables, and

hit Douglas a blow on the head. The instant he had done it, the idea of his imprudence, and its probable consequences to himself and his friend, rushed upon his mind: he sat, stupified with shame and remorse, his eyes rivetted on the ground, regardless of what the other's resentment might prompt him to act. Douglas, after a short pause, turned round to the spectators: 'You think,' said he, 'that I am now ready to cut the throat of that unfortunate young man; but I know that, at this moment, he feels anguish a thousand times more keen than any my sword could inflict.—I will embrace him—thus—and try to reconcile him to himself;—but I will cut the throat of that man among you, who shall dare to breathe a syllable against my honour.'—'Bravo! Bravo!' cried an old Chevalier de St Louis, who stood immediately behind him.—The sentiment of France overcame its habit, and Bravo! Bravo! echoed from every corner

of the room. Who would not have cried Bravo! Would not you, Sir? 'Doubtless.'—On other occasions, then, be governed by the same principle.—'Why, to be sure, it were often better not to fight—if one had but the *courage* not to fight."

No. 12. SATURDAY, *March* 6, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a plain country-gentleman, with a small fortune and a large family. My boys, all except the youngest, I have contrived to set out into the world in tolerably promising situations. My two eldest girls are married; one to a clergyman, with a very comfortable living, and a respectable character; the other to a neighbour of my own, who farms most of his own estate, and is supposed to know country business as well as any man in this part of the kingdom. I have four other girls at home, whom I wish to make fit wives for men of equal rank with their brothers-in-law.

About three months ago, a great lady in our neighbourhood (at least as neighbourhood is reckoned in our quarter) happened to meet the two eldest of my unmarried daughters at the house of a gentleman, a distant relation of mine, and, as well as myself, a freeholder in our county. The girls are tolerably handsome, and I have endeavoured to make them understand the common rules of good-breeding. My Lady —— ran out to my kinsman, who happens to have no children of his own, in praise of their beauty and politeness, and, at parting, gave them a most pressing invitation to come and spend a week with her during the approaching Christmas holidays. On my daughters' return from their kinsman's, I was not altogether pleased at hearing of this invitation; nor was I more satisfied with the very frequent quotations of my Lady ——'s sayings and sentiments, and the descriptions of the beauty of her com-

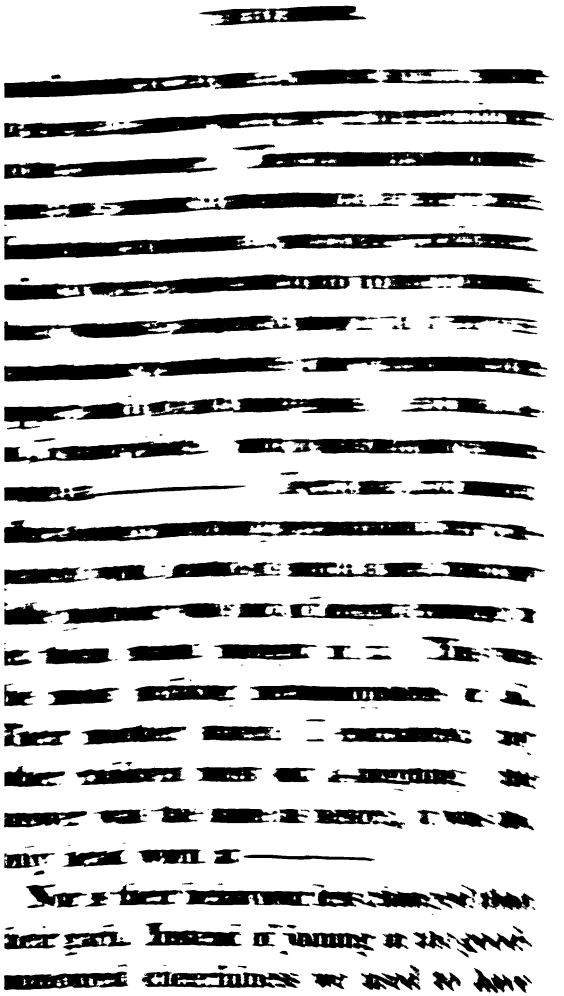
plexion, the elegance of her dress, and the grandeur of her equipage. I opposed, therefore, their design of paying this Christmas visit pretty warmly. Upon this, the honour done them by the invitation, the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with the great lady, and the benefit that might accrue to my family from the influence of her lord, were immediately rung in my ears, not only by my daughters, but also by their mother, whom they had already gained over to their side; and I must own to you, Mr Mirror, though I would not have you think me hen-pecked, that my wife, somehow or other, contrives to carry most points in our family; so my opposition was over-ruled; and to ——— the girls went; but not before they had made a journey to the metropolis of our country, and brought back a portmanteau full of necessaries, to qualify them for appearing

decently, as my wife said, in the company they should meet there.

In about a month, for their visit was drawn out to that length, my daughters returned. But had you seen, Mr Mirror, what an alteration that month had made on them! Instead of the rosy complexions, and sparkling eyes, they had carried with them, they brought back cheeks as white as a curd, and eyes as dead as the beads in the face of a wax baby.

I could not help expressing my surprise at the sight; but the younger of the two ladies immediately cut me short, by telling me that their complexion was the only one worn at ————.

And no wonder, Sir, it should, from the description which my daughter sometimes gives us of the life people lead there. Instead of rising at seven, breakfasting at nine, dining at three, supping at eight, and getting to bed by ten, as was their custom at home, my girls lay till twelve,



among us before, my two *fine* young ladies check every approach to mirth, by calling it *vulgar*. One of them chid their brother the other day for laughing, and told him it was monstrously ill-bred. In the evenings, when we were wont, if we had nothing else to do, to fall to Blindman's buff, or Cross-purposes, or sometimes to play at Loo for cherry-stones, these two get a pack of cards to themselves, and sit down to play for any little money their visit has left them, at a game none of us know any thing about. It seems, indeed, the dullest of all amusements, as it consists in merely turning up the faces of the cards, and repeating their names from an ace upwards, as if the players were learning to speak, and had got only thirteen words in their vocabulary. But of this, and every other custom at ————, nobody is allowed to judge but themselves. They have got a parcel of phrases, which they utter on all occasions as decisive,

French, I believe, though I can scarce find any of them in the Dictionary, and am unable to put them upon paper; but all of them mean something extremely fashionable, and are constantly supported by the authority of my lady, or the countess, his lordship, or Sir John.

As they have learned many foreign, so have they unlearned some of the most common and best understood home phrases. When one of my neighbours was lamenting the extravagance and dissipation of a young kinsman, who had spent his fortune, and lost his health in London, and at Newmarket, they called it *life*, and said it showed spirit in the young man. After the same rule they lately declared, that a gentleman could not *live* on less than 1000*l.* a year, and called the account which their mantuamaker and milliner sent me, for the fineries purchased for their visit at ————, a trifle, though it amounted to

59*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, exactly a fourth part of the clear income of my estate.

All this, Mr Mirror, I look upon as a sort of pestilential disorder, with which my poor daughters have been infected in the course of this unfortunate visit. This consideration has induced me to treat them hitherto with lenity and indulgence, and try to effect their cure by mild methods, which indeed suit my temper (naturally of a pliant kind, as every body, except my wife, says) better than harsh ones. Yet I confess, I could not help being in a passion t'other day, when the disorder shewed symptoms of a more serious kind. Would you believe it, Sir, my daughter Elizabeth (since her visit she is offended if we call her Betty) said it was fanatical to find fault with card-playing on Sunday; and her sister Sophia gravely asked my son-in-law, the clergyman, if he had not some doubts of the soul's immortality.

As certain great cities, I have heard, are never free from the plague, and at last come to look upon it as nothing terrible or extraordinary; so, I suppose, in London, or even your town, Sir, this disease always prevails, and is but little dreaded. But in the country, it will be productive of melancholy effects indeed; if suffered to spread there, it will not only embitter our lives, and spoil our domestic happiness, as at present it does mine, but, in its most violent stages, will bring our estates to market, our daughters to ruin, and our sons to the gallows. Be so humane, therefore, Mr Mirror, as to suggest some expedient for keeping it confined within those limits in which it rages at present. If no public regulation can be contrived for that purpose (though I cannot help thinking this disease of the great people merits the attention of government, as much as the distemper among the *horned cattle)*, try, at least, the effects of pri-

least alarming, yet, perhaps, the most fatal. Dissipation and intemperance are often the transient effects of youthful heat, which time allays, and experience overcomes; but indolence "grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength," till it has weakened every exertion of public and private duty; yet so seducing, that its evils are unfelt, and its errors unrepented of.

It is a circumstance of peculiar regret, that this should often be the propensity of delicate and amiable minds. Men unfeeling and unsusceptible, commonly beat the beaten track with activity and resolution, the occupations they pursue, and the [illegible] they feel, seldom much disappointed [illegible] expectations they have formed. [illegible] endowed with that nice [illegible] and pain which is [illegible], feel so much indifference in their pursuits, [illegible] satisfaction in their

attainments, that they are too often induced to sit still, without attempting the one, or desiring the other.

The complaints which such persons make of their want of that success which attends men of inferior abilities, are as unjust as unavailing. It is from the use, not the possession of talents, that we get on in life: the exertion of very moderate parts outweighs the indecision of the brightest. Men possessed of the first, do things tolerably, and are satisfied; of the last, forbear doing things well, because they have ideas beyond them.

When I first resolved to publish this paper, I applied to several literary friends for their aid in carrying it on. From one gentleman in London, I had, in particular, very sanguine expectations of assistance. His genius and abilities I had early opportunities of knowing, and he is now in a situation most favourable to such productions, as he lives amidst the great and

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forming you, as is often done in such cases, that hurry of business, or want of health, has prevented me from answering your letter. I will frankly confess, that I have had abundance of leisure, and been perfectly well since I received it; I can add, though, perhaps, you may not so easily believe me, that I have had as much inclination as opportunity; but the truth is, (you know my weakness that way,) I have wished, resolved, and re-resolved to write, as I do by many other things, without the power of accomplishing it. That disease of indolence, which you and my other companions used to laugh at, grows stronger and stronger upon me; my symptoms, indeed, are mortal; for I begin now to lose the power of struggling against the malady, sometimes to shut my ears against self-admonition, and admit of it as a lawful indulgence.

Your letter, acquainting me of the design of publishing a periodical paper,

and asking my assistance in carrying it on, found me in one of the paroxysms of my disorder. The fit seemed to give way to the call of friendship. I got up from my easy chair, walked two or three turns through the room, read your letter again, looked at the Spectators, which stood, neatly bound and gilt, in the front of my book-press, called for pen, ink, and paper, and sat down, in the fervour of imagination, ready to combat vice, to encourage virtue, to form the manners, and to regulate the taste of millions of my fellow-subjects. A field fruitful and unbounded lay before me; I began to speculate on the prevailing vices and reigning follies of the times, the thousand topics which might arise for declamation, satire, ridicule, and humour; the picture of manners, the shades of character, the delicacies of sentiment. I was bewildered amidst this multitude and variety of subjects, and sat dreaming over the redundancy of matter,

and the ease of writing, till the morning was spent, and my servant announced dinner.

I arose, satisfied with having thought much, and laid in store for writing much on subjects proper for your paper. I dined, if you will allow me the expression, in company with those thoughts, and drank half a bottle of wine after dinner to our better acquaintance. When my man took away, I returned to my study, sat down at my writing table, folded my paper into proper margins, wrote the word *Mirror* a-top, and filling my pen again, drew up the curtain, and prepared to delineate the scene before me. But I found things not quite in the situation I had left them; the groupes were more confused, the figures less striking, the colours less vivid, than I had seen them before dinner. I continued, however, to look on them—I know not how long; for I was waked from my very sound nap, at

the country, to which I was invited, by a relation, to spend some time with him previous to his coming to town for the winter. I arrived at his house about the middle of December. I looked on his fields, his walks, and his woods, which the extreme mildness of the season had still left in the garb of Thomson's philosophic melancholy, as scenes full of inspiration, in which Genius might try her wings, and Wisdom meditate without interruption. But I am obliged to own, that, though I have walked there many a time; though my fancy was warmed with the scene, and shot out into a thousand excursions over the regions of romance, of melancholy, of sentiment, of humour, of criticism, and of science, she returned, like the first messenger of Noah, without having found a resting-place; and I have, at last, strolled back to the house, where I sat listless in my chamber, with the irksome consciousness of some unper-

formed resolution, from which I was glad to be relieved by a summons to billiards, or a call to dinner.

Thus have I returned to town, as unprofitable in the moments of solitude and retirement, as in those of business or society. Do not smile at the word business; what would be idleness to you, is to me very serious employment; besides, you know very well, that to be idle, is often to be least at leisure. I am now almost hardy enough to lay aside altogether my resolution of writing in your paper; but I find that resolution a sort of bond against me, till you are good enough to cancel it, by saying, you do not expect me to write. I have made a more than ordinary effort to give you this sincere account of my attempts to assist you. I have at least the consolation of thinking, that you will not need my assistance. Believe me, with all my failings,

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

P. S. I have just now learned by accident, that my nephew, a lad of fifteen, who is come to town from Harrow school, and lives at present with me, having seen one of your Numbers about a week ago, has already written, and intends transmitting you, a political essay, signed Aristides, a pastoral subscribed X. Y., and an acrostic on Miss E. M. without a signature.

No. 16. SATURDAY, *March* 24, 1779.

O prima vera gioventu de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
Tu torni ben, ma teco
No tornano i sereni
E fortunati di de le mie gioie. GUARINI.

THE effects of the return of spring have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind, as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd.

I know not if it be from a singular, or a censurable disposition, that I have often felt in my own mind something very different from this gaiety, supposed to be the inseparable attendant of the vernal scene. Amidst the returning verdure of the earth, the mildness of the air, and the serenity of the sky, I have found a still and quiet melancholy take possession of my soul, which the beauty of the landscape, and the melody of the birds, rather soothed than overcame.

Perhaps some reason may be given why this sort of feeling should prevail over the mind, in those moments of deeper pensiveness to which every thinking mind is liable, more at this time of the year than at any other. Spring, as the renewal of verdure and of vegetation, becomes naturally the season of remembrance. We are surrounded with objects new only in their revival, but which we acknowledge as our acquaintances in the

years that are past. Winter, which stopped the progression of nature, removed them from us for a while, and we meet, like friends long parted, with emotions rather of tenderness than of gaiety.

This train of ideas once awakened, memory follows over a very extensive field. And, in such a disposition of mind, objects of cheerfulness and delight are, from those very qualities, the most adapted to inspire that milder sort of sadness which, in the language of our native bard, is "pleasant and mournful to the soul." They will inspire this, not only from the recollection of the past, but from the prospect of the future; as an anxious parent, amidst the sportive gaiety of the child, often thinks of the cares of manhood and the sorrows of age.

This effect will, at least, be commonly felt by persons who have lived long enough to see, and had reflection enough to observe, the vicissitudes of life. Even those

who have never experienced severe calamities, will find, in the review of their years, a thousand instances of fallacious promises and disappointed hopes. The dream of childhood, and the project of youth, have vanished to give place to sensations of a very different kind. In the peace and beauty of the rural scene which spring first unfolds to us, we are apt to recal the former state, with an exaggerated idea of its happiness, and to feel the present with increased dissatisfaction.

But the pencil of memory stops not with the representation of ourselves; it traces also the companions and friends of our early days, and marks the changes which they have undergone. It is a dizzy sort of recollection to think over the names of our school-fellows, and to consider how very few of them the maze of accidents, and the sweep of time, have left within our reach. This, however, is less pointed than the reflection on the

fate of those whom affinity or friendship linked to our side, whom distance of place, premature death, or (sometimes not a less painful consideration) estrangement of affection, has disjoined from us for ever.

I am not sure if the disposition to reflections of this sort be altogether a safe or a proper one. I am aware, that, if too much indulged, or allowed to become habitual, it may disqualify the mind for the more active and bustling scenes of life, and unfit it for the enjoyments of ordinary society; but, in a certain degree, I am persuaded it may be found useful. We are all of us too little inclined to look into our own minds; all apt to put too high a value on the things of this life. But a man under the impressions I have described, will be led to look into himself, and will see the vanity of setting his heart upon external enjoyment. He will feel nothing of that unsocial spirit which gloomy and ascetic severities in-

half an hour past six, by Peter asking me, if I chose to drink coffee.

I was ashamed and vexed at the situation in which he found me. I drank my first dish rather out of humour with myself; but, during the second, I began to account for it from natural causes; and, before the third was finished, had resolved that study was improper after repletion, and concluded the evening with the adventures of one of the three Callendars, out of the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

For all this arrear, I drew, resolutely, on to-morrow, and after breakfast prepared myself accordingly. I had actually gone so far as to write three introductory sentences, all of which I burnt, and was just blacking the letter *T* for the beginning of a fourth, when Peter opened the door, and announced a gentleman, an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for a considerable time. After he had sat

with me for more than an hour, he rose to go away; I pulled out my watch, and I will fairly own I was not sorry to find it within a few minutes of one: so I gave up the morning for lost, and invited myself to accompany my friend in some visits he proposed making. Our tour concluded in a dinner at a tavern, whence we repaired to the play, and did not part till midnight. I went to bed without much self-reproach, by considering, that intercourse with the world fits a man for reforming it.

I need not go through every day of the subsequent month, during which I remained in town, though there seldom passed one that did not remind me of what I owed to your friendship. It is enough to tell you, that, during the first fortnight, I always found some apology for delaying the execution of my purpose; and, during the last, contented myself with the prospect of the leisure I should soon enjoy in

the country, to which I was invited, by a relation, to spend some time with him previous to his coming to town for the winter. I arrived at his house about the middle of December. I looked on his fields, his walks, and his woods, which the extreme mildness of the season had still left in the garb of Thomson's philosophic melancholy, as scenes full of inspiration, in which Genius might try her wings, and Wisdom meditate without interruption. But I am obliged to own, that, though I have walked there many a time; though my fancy was warmed with the scene, and shot out into a thousand excursions over the regions of romance, of melancholy, of sentiment, of humour, of criticism, and of science, she returned, like the first messenger of Noah, without having found a resting-place; and I have, at last, strolled back to the house, where I sat listless in my chamber, with the irksome consciousness of some unper-

formed resolution, from which I was glad to be relieved by a summons to billiards, or a call to dinner.

Thus have I returned to town, as unprofitable in the moments of solitude and retirement, as in those of business or society. Do not smile at the word business; what would be idleness to you, is to me very serious employment; besides, you know very well, that to be idle, is often to be least at leisure. I am now almost hardy enough to lay aside altogether my resolution of writing in your paper; but I find that resolution a sort of bond against me, till you are good enough to cancel it, by saying, you do not expect me to write. I have made a more than ordinary effort to give you this sincere account of my attempts to assist you. I have at least the consolation of thinking, that you will not need my assistance. Believe me, with all my failings,

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

P. S. I have just now learned by accident, that my nephew, a lad of fifteen, who is come to town from Harrow school, and lives at present with me, having seen one of your Numbers about a week ago, has already written, and intends transmitting you, a political essay, signed Aristides, a pastoral subscribed X. Y., and an acrostic on Miss E. M. without a signature.

No. 16. SATURDAY, *March* 24, 1779.

O prima vera gioventu de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
Tu torni ben, ma teco
No tornano i sereni
E fortunati di de le mie gioie. GUARINI.

THE effects of the return of spring have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind, as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd.

I know not if it be from a singular, or a censurable disposition, that I have often felt in my own mind something very different from this gaiety, supposed to be the inseparable attendant of the vernal scene. Amidst the returning verdure of the earth, the mildness of the air, and the serenity of the sky, I have found a still and quiet melancholy take possession of my soul, which the beauty of the landscape, and the melody of the birds, rather soothed than overcame.

Perhaps some reason may be given why this sort of feeling should prevail over the mind, in those moments of deeper pensiveness to which every thinking mind is liable, more at this time of the year than at any other. Spring, as the renewal of verdure and of vegetation, becomes naturally the season of remembrance. We are surrounded with objects new only in their revival, but which we acknowledge as our acquaintances in the

years that are past. Winter, which stopped the progression of nature, removed them from us for a while, and we meet, like friends long parted, with emotions rather of tenderness than of gaiety.

This train of ideas once awakened, memory follows over a very extensive field. And, in such a disposition of mind, objects of cheerfulness and delight are, from those very qualities, the most adapted to inspire that milder sort of sadness which, in the language of our native bard, is "pleasant and mournful to the soul." They will inspire this, not only from the recollection of the past, but from the prospect of the future; as an anxious parent, amidst the sportive gaiety of the child, often thinks of the cares of manhood and the sorrows of age.

This effect will, at least, be commonly felt by persons who have lived long enough to see, and had reflection enough to observe, the vicissitudes of life. Even those

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who have never experienced severe calamities, will find, in the review of their years, a thousand instances of fallacious promises and disappointed hopes. The dream of childhood, and the project of youth, have vanished to give place to sensations of a very different kind. In the peace and beauty of the rural scene which spring first unfolds to us, we are apt to recal the former state, with an exaggerated idea of its happiness, and to feel the present with increased dissatisfaction.

But the pencil of memory stops not with the representation of ourselves; it traces also the companions and friends of our early days, and marks the changes which they have undergone. It is a dizzy sort of recollection to think over the names of our school-fellows, and to consider how very few of them the maze of accidents, and the sweep of time, have left within our reach. This, however, is less pointed than the reflection on the

fate of those whom affinity or friendship linked to our side, whom distance of place, premature death, or (sometimes not a less painful consideration) estrangement of affection, has disjoined from us for ever.

I am not sure if the disposition to reflections of this sort be altogether a safe or a proper one. I am aware, that, if too much indulged, or allowed to become habitual, it may disqualify the mind for the more active and bustling scenes of life, and unfit it for the enjoyments of ordinary society; but, in a certain degree, I am persuaded it may be found useful. We are all of us too little inclined to look into our own minds; all apt to put too high a value on the things of this life. But a man under the impressions I have described, will be led to look into himself, and will see the vanity of setting his heart upon external enjoyment. He will feel nothing of that unsocial spirit which gloomy and ascetic severities in-

spire; but the gentle, and not unpleasing melancholy that will be diffused over his soul, will fill it with a calm and sweet benevolence, will elevate him much above any mean or selfish passion. It will teach him to look upon the rest of the world as his brethren, travelling the same road, and subject to the like calamities with himself; it will prompt his wish to alleviate and assuage the bitterness of their sufferings, and extinguish in his heart every sentiment of malevolence or of envy.

Amidst the tide of pleasure which flows on a mind of little sensibility, there may be much social joy without any social affection; but, in a heart of the mould I allude to above, though the joy may be less, there will, I believe, be more happiness and more virtue.

It is rarely from the precepts of the moralist, or the mere sense of duty, that we acquire the virtues of gentleness, disinterestedness, benevolence, and humani-

ty. The feelings must be won, as well as the reason convinced, before men change their conduct. To them the world addresses itself, and is heard; it offers pleasure to the present hour; and the promise of satisfaction in the future is too often preached in vain. But he who can feel that luxury of pensive tenderness, of which I have given some faint sketches in this paper, will not easily be won from the pride of virtue, and the dignity of thought, to the inordinate gratifications of vice, or the intemperate amusements of folly.

No. 17. TUESDAY, *March* 23, 1779.

Inumit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo. HOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

As I am persuaded that you will not think it without the province of a work such as yours, to throw your eye sometimes upon the inferior ranks of life, where there is any error that calls loud for amendment, I will make no apology for sending you the following narrative:

I was married about five years ago, to a young man in a good way of business as a grocer, whose character, for sobriety and diligence in his trade, was such as to give me the assurance of a very comfortable establishment in the mean time,

and, in case Providence should bless us with children, the prospect of making a tolerable provision for them. For three years after our marriage there never was a happier couple. Our shop was so well frequented, as to require the constant attendance of both of us; and, as it was my greatest pleasure to see the cheerful activity of my husband, and the obliging attention which he showed to every customer, he has often, during that happy time, declared to me, that the sight of my face behind the counter (though indeed, Sir, my looks are but homely) made him think his humble condition far more blessed than that of the wealthiest of our neighbours, whose possessions deprived them of the high satisfaction of purchasing, by their daily labour, the comfort and happiness of a beloved object.

In the evenings, after our small repast, which, if the day had been more than usually busy, we sometimes ventured to

finish with a glass or two of punch; while my husband was constantly engaged with his books and accounts, it was my employment to sit by his side knitting, and, at the same time, to tend the cradle of our first child, a girl, who is now a fine prattling creature of four years of age, and begins already to give me some little assistance in the care of a younger brother and sister.

Such was the picture of our little family, in which we once enjoyed all the happiness that virtuous industry, and the most perfect affection, can bestow. But those pleasing days, Mr Mirror, are now at an end.

The sources of unhappiness in my situation are very different from those of other unfortunate married persons. It is not of my husband's idleness or extravagance, his ill-nature, or his avarice, that I have to complain; neither are we unhappy from [illegible] of affection, or disagreement

in our opinions. But I will not, Sir, keep you longer in suspense. In short, it is my misfortune that my husband is become *a man of taste.*

The first symptom of this malady, for it is now become a disease indeed, manifested itself, as I have said, about two years ago, when it was my husband's ill luck to receive one day from a customer, in payment of a pound of sugar, a crooked piece of silver, which he, at first, mistook for a shilling, but found on examination, to have some strange characters upon it, which neither of us could make any thing of. An acquaintance coming in, who, it seems, had some knowledge of those matters, declared it at once to be a very curious coin of Alexander the Third; and, affirming that he knew a virtuoso who would be extremely glad to be possessed of it, bid him half-a-guinea for it upon the spot. My poor husband, who knew as little of Alexander the Third, as

of Alexander the Great, or his other namesake, the Coppersmith, was nevertheless persuaded, from the extent of the offer, and the opinion he had of his friend's discernment, that he was possessed of a very valuable curiosity; and in this he was fully confirmed, when, on shewing it to the virtuoso above mentioned, he was immediately offered triple the former sum. This too was rejected, and the crooked coin was now judged to be inestimable. It would tire your patience, Mr Mirror, to describe minutely the progress of my husband's delirium. The neighbours soon heard of our acquisition, and flocked to be indulged with a sight of it. Others, who had valuable curiosities of the same kind, but who were prudent enough not to reckon them quite beyond all price, were by much entreaty, prevailed on by my husband to exchange them for guineas, half-guineas, and crown pieces; so that, in about a month's time, he could boast

of being possessed of twenty pieces, all of inestimable value, which cost him only the trifling sum of 18*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

But the malady did not rest here; it is a dreadful thing, Mr Mirror, to get a taste. It ranges from "heaven above, to the earth beneath, and to the waters under the earth." Every production of nature, or of art, remarkable either for beauty or deformity, but particularly if either scarce or old, is now the object of my husband's avidity. The profits of our business, once considerable, but now daily diminishing, are expended, not only on coins, but on shells, lumps of different coloured stones, dried butterflies, old pictures, ragged books, and worm-eaten parchments.

Our house, which it was once my highest pleasure to keep in order, it would be now equally vain to attempt cleaning as the ark of Noah. The children's bed is supplied by an Indian canoe; and the poor little creatures sleep three of them in

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In the bitterness of my soul, Mr Mirror, I have been often tempted to revenge myself on the objects of my husband's phrenzy, by burning, smashing, and destroying them without mercy; but, besides that such violent procedure might have effects too dreadful upon a brain which, I fear, is already much unsettled, I could not take such a course, without being guilty of a fraud to our creditors, several of whom will, I believe, sooner or later, find it their only means of reimbursement, to take back each man his own monsters.

Meantime, Sir, as my husband constantly peruses your paper, (one instance of his taste which I cannot object to,) I have some small hopes that a good effect may be produced by giving him a fair view of himself in your moral looking-glass. If such should be the happy consequence of your publishing this letter, you shall have the sincerest thanks of a grateful heart, from your now disconsolate humble servant,*

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edly on her spouse's ignorance of the three Alexanders, has not much reason to complain of her husband being *a man of taste.*

Her case, however, is truly distressful, and in the particular species of her husband's disorder, rather uncommon. The taste of a man in his station generally looks for some reputation from his neighbours and the world, and walks out of doors to shew itself to both.

I remember, a good many years ago, to have visited the villa of a citizen of Bath, who had made a considerable fortune by the profession of a toyman in that city. It was curious to observe how much he had carried the ideas of his trade into his house and grounds, if such might be called a kind of Gothic building, of about 18 feet by 12, and an enclosure somewhat short of an acre. The first had only a few closets within; but it made a most gallant and warlike show without. It had

turrets about the size of the king at nine pins, and battlements like the side-crust of a Christmas goose-pye. To complete the appearance of a castle, we entered by a draw-bridge, which, in construction and dimensions, exactly resembled the lid of a travelling trunk. To the right of the house was a puddle, which, however, was dignified with the name of a harbour, defended by two redoubts, under cover of which lay a vessel of the size of an ordinary bathing-tub, mounting a parcel of old toothpick-cases, fitted up into guns, and manned with some of the toyman's little family of plaything figures, with red jackets and striped trowsers, whom he had impressed into the service. The place where this vessel lay, a fat little man, whom I had met on the shore, who seemed an intimate acquaintance of the proprietor, informed me was called Spithead, and the ship's name, he told me, pointing

to the picture on her stern, was the Victory.

This gentleman afterwards conducted me, not without some fear, across a Chinese bridge, to a pagoda, in which it was necessary to assume the posture of devotion, as there was not room to stand upright. On the sides of the great serpentine walk, as he termed it, by which we returned from this edifice, I found a device, which my Cicerone looked upon as a master-stroke of genius. The ground was shaped into the figures of the different suits of cards; so that here was the heart walk, the diamond walk, the club walk, and the spade walk; the last of which had the additional advantage of being sure to produce a pun. On my observing how pleasant and ingenious all this was, my conductor answered, "Ay, ay, let him alone for that; he has given them a little of every thing, you see; and so he may, Sir, for he can very well afford it."

I believe we must rest the matter here. In this land of freedom there is no restraining the liberty of being ridiculous; I would only intreat Mr Prune, and indeed many of his betters, to have some regard for their wives and families, and not to make fools of themselves, till, like the Bath toyman, they can very well afford it.

No. 21. TUESDAY, *April* 6, 1779.

THIS day's paper I devote to correspondents. The first of the two letters it contains was brought to my editor by a spruce footman, who, upon being asked whence he came, replied, from Mrs Meekly's.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

THE world has, at different periods, been afflicted with diseases peculiar to the times in which they appeared; and the Faculty have, with great ingenuity, contrived certain generic names, by which they might be distinguished; it being a quality of great use and comfort in a physician, to be able to tell precisely of what disorder his patient is likely to die. The

nervous seems to be the ailment in greatest vogue at present; a species of disease, which I am apt to consider as not the less terrible, for being less mortal than many others. I speak not from personal experience, Mr Mirror; my own constitution, thank God! is pretty robust; but I have the misfortune to be afflicted with a nervous wife.

It is impossible to enumerate a twentieth part of the symptoms of this lamentable disorder, or of the circumstances by which its paroxysms are excited or increased. Its dependance on the natural phenomena of the wind and weather, on the temperature of the air, whether hot or cold, moist or dry, might be accounted for; and my wife would then be in no worse situation than the lady in a red cap and green jacket, whose figure I have seen in the little Dutch barometers, known by the name of Baby-houses. But, besides feeling the impression of those particulars,

her disorder is brought on by incidents still more frequent, and less easy to be foreseen, than even the occasional changes in our atmosphere. A person running hastily up or down stairs, shutting a door roughly, placing the tongs on the left side of the grate, and the poker on the right, setting the china figures on the mantle-piece a little awry, or allowing the tossel of the bell-string to swing but for a moment; any of those little accidents has an immediate and irresistible effect on the nervous system of my wife, and produces symptoms, sometimes of languor, sometimes of irritation, which I her husband, my three children by a former marriage, and the other members of our family, equally feel and regret. The above causes of her distemper, a very attentive and diligent discharge of our several duties might possibly prevent; but even our involuntary actions are apt to produce effects of a similar or more violent nature. It was

but the other day she told my boy Dick he eat his pudding so voraciously, as almost to make her faint; and remonstrated against my sneezing in the manner I did, which, she said, tore her poor nerves in pieces.

One thing I have observed peculiar to this disorder, which those conversant in the nature of sympathetic affections may be able to explain. It is not always produced by exactly similar causes, if such causes exist in dissimilar situations. I have known my wife squeezed for hours in a side-box, dance a whole night at a ball, have my Lord —— talking as fast and as loud to her as was possible there, and her nose assailed by the stink of a whole row of flambeaux, at going in and coming out, without feeling her nerves in the smallest degree affected; yet, the very day after, at home, she could not bear my chair, or the chair of one of the children, to come within several feet of her's; walk-

ing up stairs perfectly overcame her; none of us durst talk but in whispers; and the smell of my buttered roll made her sick to death.

As I reckon your paper a proper record for singular cases, and intolerable grievances of every sort, I send the above for your insertion; stating it according to its nature, in terms as physically descriptive as my little acquaintance with the healing art can supply.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH MEEKLY.

This correspondent, as far as his wife's case falls within the department of the physician, I must refer to my very learned friends Doctors Cullen and Monro, who, upon being properly attended, will give him, I am persuaded, as sound advice as it is in the power of medical skill to suggest. In point of prudence, to which only my prescriptions apply, I can advise

nothing so proper for Mr Meekly himself, as to imitate the conduct of the husband of that little lady he describes, the mistress of the Dutch Baby-house; between whom and his wife, though there subsists a very intimate connection, there is yet a contract of a particular kind; whenever the gentleman is at home, the lady is abroad, and *vice versa*. In their house, indeed, I do not observe any children; from which I conclude, that they have all been sent to the academy and the boarding-school.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

To reconcile man to man, has been one of the great objects of moralists. They tell us, "that men have one common original, and why should relations quarrel?" but then a petulant wit interposes, and observes, that the original is not near

[illegible] in a strong connection; and, [illegible] theory of volcanoes be true, [illegible] so very distant as not [illegible] sensible connection at all. [illegible] Aremberg and Sir Thomas [illegible] may count kindred with the [illegible] for the former has such a [illegible] reserved at his castle at Hai- [illegible] the latter has set forth his in [illegible] there are few genealogies so [illegible]

[illegible] that all men are [illegible] common journey through [illegible] they quarrel on the [illegible] answer is but too obvious— [illegible] merely for the sake of [illegible] as we have opportunity, [illegible] and oblige others, for [illegible] to yield it; while eager- [illegible] the next stage, we bespat- [illegible] our way; we send a [illegible] bespeak the best beds at [illegible] choice of the larder; and

we make ourselves as important and as troublesome as we can, merely for our own convenience; nay, we bribe a waiter to give us all his attendance, and to let the other passengers ring till their arms ache; but it is all to render ourselves as easy as possible.

The last consideration is, "that we are all hastening to one common grave, and why should we quarrel now, since our quarrels must be soon at an end?" This proves that our disputes must be short, not that they may not be sharp.

I remember to have read somewhere of a people, I think to the north-west of Hungary, who had a name in their own language, which answers nearly to our word *brothers*, and who prided themselves, for a while, in that whimsical appellation. Their tenets were simple, and full of benevolence; and, in general, so plain, that those who heard them for the first time, imagined, that they had been previously

acquainted with them. The men of whom I speak, could not have any long contests, for they were all hastening to the common goal of mortality, yet their disputes, although short, were sharp; early did they begin to bite, and, as soon as they gained strength, they devoured each other, if the expression may be allowed. According to the Scottish phrase, "they quarrelled about the turning of a straw;" they vexed, tormented, and proscribed each other; nay, some assert, that they cut throats; but still they declared that they meant nothing personal, and, for a long while, they still retained the name of *brothers*.

If that singular people, so full of benevolence, quarrelled incessantly for any cause, or for no cause, how can it be expected that we should walk through life to the grave with the calm and inoffensive solemnity of mourners at an interment, especially when so few of us have time to

bestow our thoughts on the grave, and its consequences?

It is impossible to reconcile man to man; but it is possible to bring individuals of the human race to a better understanding with each other.

I might dilate this proposition in a feigned tale, or obscure it by an allegory; but I rather chuse to prove it in the course of a simple narrative of matter of fact.

While the Duchess of Marlborough enjoyed power little short of sovereign, she frequently felt the satirical lashes of Dr Swift; and, when disgraced, she could not but remember them; for she had a quick sense of injuries, and her nature was not much inclined to forgiveness.

Thwarted ambition, great wealth, and increasing years, rendered her more and more peevish: she hated courts over which she had no influence, and she became at length the most ferocious animal that is

suffered to go loose,—a violent party-woman.

Every one knows, that as her Grace was obliged to descend from the highest round of the ladder of ambition, so the Doctor was not allowed to mount the first step; and his disappointment produced the like effects on him, as lost empire had done on her.

Yet the Duchess of Marlborough became the passionate admirer of her satirist, and was even willing to forgive him. The perusal of Gulliver's Travels produced this moral revolution in her sentiments; and that which debased the author in the opinion of many of his friends, exalted him in the opinion of the Duchess of Marlborough.

There are now lying before me some original letters of that celebrated lady. "Dean Swift," says she, "gives the most exact account of kings, ministers, bishops, and the courts of justice, that is possible

to be writ.—I could not help wishing, since I read his books, that we had had his assistance in the opposition—for I could easily forgive him all the sins he has given me and the Duke of Marlborough, and have thanked him heartily, whenever he would please to do good."

In another letter she says, "I most heartily wish that in this park I had some of the breed of those charming creatures Swift speaks of, and calls the Houyhnhnms, which I understand to be horses, so extremely polite, and which had all manner of good conversation and good principles, and that never told a lie, and charmed him so that he could not endure his own country when he returned: he says there is a sort of creature there called yahoos, and of the same species with us, only a good deal uglier, but they are kept tied up, and by that glorious creature the horse are not permitted to do any mischief. You will think that I am distracted with Dean

Swift, but I really have not been pleased so much a long time as with what he writes, and therefore I will end with one of his sentences,—that he mortally hates kings and ministers."

Thus the Duchess "became distracted with Dean Swift;" and, on account of his libel against human nature, "graciously pardoned his libels against her own sacred person."

But Dr Swift knew not her favourable opinion of him; for he left in manuscript a severer invective against her than any that he had published in his lifetime. Pity that, for want of information, the misunderstanding should still have subsisted on his part! the good offices of a friend might easily have reconciled two persons so much connected with each other by the common ties of misanthropy.

I am, &c.

ADELUS.

No. 23. TUESDAY, *April* 13, 1779.

——— Et isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

HOR.

I WAS lately applied to by a friend, in behalf of a gentleman, who, he said, had been unfortunate in life, to whom he was desirous of doing a particular piece of service, in which he thought my assistance might be useful: "Poor fellow!" said he, "I wish to serve him, because I always knew him, dissipated and thoughtless as he was, to be a good-hearted man, guilty of many imprudent things, indeed, but without meaning any harm! In short, no one's enemy but his own."

I afterwards learned more particularly the circumstances of this gentleman's life and conversation, which I will take the

liberty of laying before my readers, in order to shew them what they are to understand by the terms used by my friend; terms which, I believe, he was nowise singular in using.

The person, whose interests he espoused, was heir to a very considerable estate. He lost his father when an infant; and being, unfortunately, an only son, was too much the darling of his mother ever to be contradicted. During his childhood he was not suffered to play with his equals, because he was to be the king of all sports, and to be allowed a sovereign and arbitrary dominion over the persons and properties of his play-fellows. At school he was attended by a servant, who helped him to thrash boys who were too strong to be thrashed by himself; and had a tutor at home, who translated the Latin which was too hard for him to translate. At college he began to assume the man, by treating at taverns, making

parties to the country, filling his tutor drunk, and hiring blackguards to break the windows of the professor with whom he was boarded. He took in succession the degrees of a wag, a pickle, and a lad of mettle. For a while, having made an elopement with his mother's maid, and fathered three children of other people, he got the appellation of a dissipated dog; but, at last, betaking himself entirely to the bottle, and growing red-faced and fat, he obtained the denomination of an honest fellow; which title he continued to enjoy as long as he had money to pay, or indeed much longer, while he had credit to score for his reckoning.

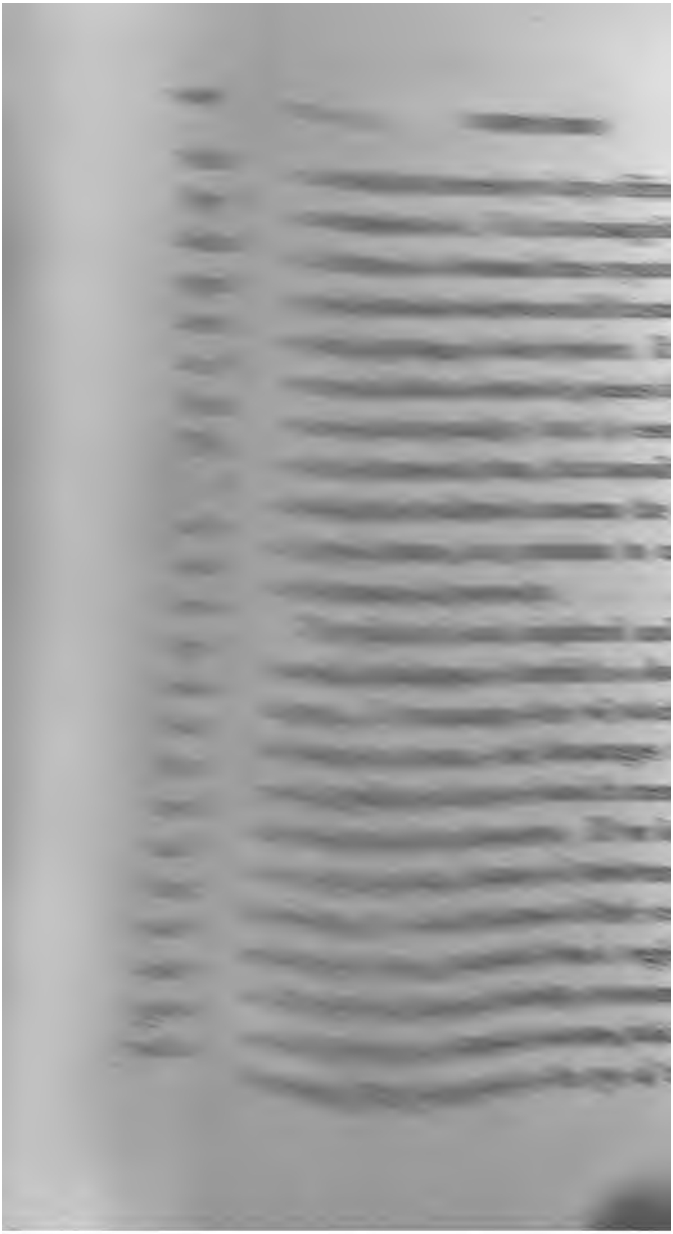
During this last part of his progress, he married a poor girl, whom her father, from a mistaken idea of his fortune, forced to sacrifice herself to his wishes. After a very short space, he grew too indifferent about her to use her ill, and broke her heart with the best-natured neglect in

the world. Of two children whom he had by her, one died at nurse soon after the death of its mother; the eldest, a boy of spirit like his father, after twice running away from school, was at last sent aboard a Guinea-man, and was knocked on the head by a sailor, in a quarrel about a Negro wench, on the coast of Africa.

Generosity, however, was a part of his character, which he never forfeited. Beside lending money genteelly to many worthless companions, and becoming surety for every man who asked him, he did some truly charitable actions to very deserving objects. These were told to his honour; and people who had met with refusals from more considerate men, spoke of such actions as the genuine test of feeling and humanity. They misinterpreted scripture for indulgence to his errors on account of his charity, and extolled the goodness of his heart in every company where he was mentioned. Even while

his mother, during her last illness, was obliged to accept of money from her physician, because she could not obtain payment of her jointure, and while, after his decease, his two sisters were dunning him every day, without effect, for the small annuity left them by their father, he was called a good-hearted man by three-fourths of his acquaintance; and when, after having pawned their clothes, rather than distress him, those sisters commenced a law-suit to force him to do them justice, the same impartial judges pronounced them hard-hearted and unnatural: nay, the story is still told to their prejudice, though they now prevent their brother from starving, out of the profits of a little shop which they were then obliged to set up for their support.

The abuse of the terms used by my friend, in regard to the character of this unfortunate man, would be sufficiently striking from the relation I have given,



world, nay, are often subject to its obloquy, are yet the surest guardians of virtue, of honour, and of independence.

"Be just before you are generous," is a good old proverb, which the profligate hero of a much admired comedy is made to ridicule, in a well-turned, and even a sentimental period. But what right have those squanderers of their own and other men's fortunes to assume the merit of generosity? Is parting with that money, which they value so little, generosity? Let them restrain their dissipation, their riot, their debauchery, when they are told that these bring ruin on the persons and families of the honest and the industrious; let them sacrifice one pleasure to humanity, and then tell us of their generosity and their feeling. A transient instance, in which the prodigal relieved want with his purse, or the thoughtless debauchee promoted merit by his interest, no more deserves the appellation of genero-

[illegible]

mer situation, when, unfortunately, a circumstance happened, still more fatal to me than their expedition to ——. This, Sir, was the honour of a visit from the great lady in return.

I was just returning from the superintendance of my ploughs in a field I have lately inclosed, when I was met, on the green before my door, by a gentleman (for such I took him to be) mounted upon a very handsome gelding, who asked me, by the appellation of honest friend, if this was not Mr Homespun's; and, in the same breath, whether the ladies were at home? I told him, my name was Homespun, the house was mine, and my wife and daughters were, I believed, within. Upon this, the young man, pulling off his hat, and begging my pardon for calling me honest, said, he was dispatched by Lady ——, with her compliments to Mrs and Misses Homespun, and that, if convenient, she intended her-

self the honour of dining with them, on her return from B—— Park (the seat of another great and rich lady in our neighbourhood.)

I confess, Mr Mirror, I was struck somewhat of an heap with the message; and it would not, in all probability, have received an immediate answer, had it not been overheard by my eldest daughter, who had come to the window on the appearance of a stranger. "Mr Papillot," said she immediately, "I rejoice to see you; I hope your lady and all the family are well." "Very much at your service, Ma'am," he replied, with a low bow; "my lady sent me before, with the offer of her best compliments, and that, if convenient," and so forth, repeating his words to me. "She does us infinite honour," said my young madam; "let her ladyship know how happy her visit will make us; but, in the mean time, Mr Papillot, give your horse to one of

the servants, and come in and have a glass of something after your ride." "I am afraid," answered he (pulling out his right-hand watch, for, would you believe it, Sir! the fellow had one in each fob,) "I shall hardly have time to meet my lady at the place she appointed me." On a second invitation, however, he dismounted, and went into the house, leaving his horse to the care of the servants; but the servants, as my daughter very well knew, were all in the fields at work; so I, who have a liking for a good horse, and cannot bear to see him neglected, had the honour of putting Mr Papillot's in the stable myself.

After about an hour's stay, for the gentleman seemed to forget his hurry within doors, Mr Papillot departed. My daughters, I mean the two polite ones, observed how handsome he was; and added another observation, that it was only to particular friends my lady sent messages by

him, who was her own body servant, and not accustomed to such offices. My wife seemed highly pleased with this last remark: I was about to be angry; but on such occasions it is not my way to say much; I generally shrug up my shoulders in silence; yet, as I said before, Mr Mirror, I would not have you think me henpeck'd.

By this time, every domestic about my house, male and female, were called from their several employments to assist in the preparations for her ladyship's reception. It would tire you to enumerate the various shifts that were made, by purchasing, borrowing, &c. to furnish out a dinner suitable to the occasion. My little grey poney, which I keep for sending to market, broke his wind in the cause, and has never been good for any thing since.

Nor was there less ado in making ourselves and our attendants fit to appear before such company. The female part of

the family managed the matter pretty easily; women, I observe, having a natural talent that way. My wife took upon herself the charge of apparelling me for the occasion. A laced suit, which I had worn at my marriage, was got up for the purpose; but the breeches burst a seam at the very first attempt of pulling them on, and the sleeves of the coat were also impracticable; so she was forced to content herself with clothing me in my Sunday's coat and breeches, with the laced waistcoat of the above-mentioned suit, slit in the back, to set them off a little. My gardener, who has been accustomed, indeed, to serve in many capacities, had his head cropped, curled, and powdered, for the part of butler; one of the best-looking plow-boys had a yellow cape clapped to his Sunday's coat to make him pass for a servant in livery; and we borrowed my son-in-law the parson's man for a third hand.

All this was accomplished, though not without some tumult and disorder, before the arrival of the great lady. She gave us, indeed, more time for the purpose than we looked for, as it was near six o'clock before she arrived. But this was productive of a misfortune on the other hand; the dinner my poor wife had bustled, sweated, and scolded for, was so over-boiled, over-stewed, and over-roasted, that it needed the appetite of so late an hour to make it go well down even with me, who am not very nice in these matters: luckily her ladyship, as I am told, never eats much, for fear of spoiling her shape, now that small waists have come into fashion again.

The dinner, however, though spoiled in the cooking, was not thrown away, as her ladyship's train made shift to eat the greatest part of it. When I say her train, I do not mean her servants only, of which there were half a dozen in livery, besides

before it was dark; this, with the consideration of the bad road she had to pass through in her way to the next house she meant to visit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to pass the night with us; which, after a few words of apology for the trouble she gave us, and a few more of the honour we received, was agreed to. This gave rise to a new scene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were dislodged from our own apartment, to make room for our noble guest. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and slept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen, who were entitled to the greatest degree of respect; for the remaining two, we found beds at my son-in-law's. My two eldest daughters had, indeed, little time to sleep, being closetted the greatest part of the night with their right honourable visitor. My offices were turn-

a temporary for the accommodation of the servants of my guests, and my own horses turned into the fields, that theirs might occupy my stable.

All these are hardships of their kind, Mr Mirror, which the honour that accompanies them seems to me not fully to compensate; but these are slight grievances, in comparison with what I have to complain of as the effects of this visit. The malady of my two eldest daughters is not only returned with increased violence upon them, but has now communicated itself to every other branch of my family. My wife, formerly a decent discreet woman, who liked her own way, indeed, but was a notable manager, now talks of this and that piece of expence as necessary to the rank of a gentlewoman, and has lately dropped some broad hints, that a winter in town is necessary to the accomplishments of one. My two younger daughters have got the heads that former-

ly belonged to their elder sisters, to each of whom, unfortunately, the great lady presented a set of feathers, for which new heads were essentially requisite.

The inside of all of them has undergone a very striking metamorphosis, from this one night's instruction of their visitor. There is, it seems, a fashion in morality, as well as in dress; and the present mode is not quite so strait-laced as the stays are. My two fine ladies talked, a few mornings ago, of such a gentleman's connection with Miss C——, and such another's arrangement with lady G——, with all the ease in the world: yet these words, I find, being interpreted, mean nothing less than fornication and adultery. I sometimes remonstrate warmly, especially when I have my son-in-law to back me, against these new-fangled freedoms; but another doctrine they have learned is, that a father and a parson may preach as they please, but are to be followed only accord-

ng to the inclination of their audience. Indeed I could not help observing, that my lady —— never mentioned her absent lord, (who, I understand, is seldom of her parties,) except sometimes to let us know how much she differed in opinion from him.

This contempt of authority, and affectation of fashion, has gone a step lower in my household. My gardener has tied his hair behind, and stolen my flour to powder it, ever since he saw Mr Papillot; and yesterday he gave me warning that he should leave me next term, if I did not take him into the house, and provide another hand for the work in the garden. I found a great hoyden, who washes my daughter's linens, sitting, the other afternoon, dressed in one of their cast fly-caps, entertaining this same oaf of a gardener, and the wives of two of my farm-servants, with tea, forsooth; and when I chid her for it, she replied, that Mrs Dimity, my

lady ——'s gentlewoman, told her all the maids at —— had tea, and saw company of an afternoon.

But I am resolved on a reformation, Mr Mirror, and shall let my wife and daughters know, that I will be master of my own house and my own expences, and will neither be made a fool or a beggar, though it were after the manner of the greatest lord in Christendom. Yet I confess I am always for trying gentle methods first. I beg, therefore, that you will insert this in your next paper, and add to it some exhortations of your own, to prevail on them, if possible, to give over a behaviour, which I think, under favour, is rather improper even in great folks, but is certainly ruinous to little ones.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Mr Homespun's relation, too valuable to be shortened, leaves me not room at

present for any observations. But I have seen the change of manners among some of my countrywomen, for several years past, with the most sensible regret, and I intend soon to devote a paper to a serious remonstrance with them on the subject.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I HAVE long had a tendre for a young lady, who is very beautiful, but a little capricious. I think myself unfortunate enough not to be in her good graces; but some of my friends tell me I am a simpleton, and don't understand her. Pray, be so kind as inform me, Mr Mirror, what sort of rudeness amounts to encouragement. When a lady calls a man impertinent, does she wish him to be somewhat more assuming? When she never looks his way, may he reckon himself a favourite? Or, if she tells every body, that Mr Such-a-one is her aversion, is Mr Such-a-one to take it for granted, that she is downright fond of him?

Yours respectfully,

MODESTUS.

the illustrious Mr Papillot, and her ladyship's maid, gentlewoman I should say, who had a table to themselves. Her parlour-attendants were equally numerous, consisting of two ladies and six gentlemen, who had accompanied her ladyship in this excursion, and did us the honour of coming to eat and drink with us, and bringing their servants to do the same, though we had never seen or heard of them before.

During the progress of this entertainment, there were several little embarrassments, which might appear ridiculous in description, but were matters of serious distress to us. Soup was spilled, dishes overturned, and glasses broken, by the awkwardness of our attendants; and things were not a bit mended by my wife's solicitude (who, to do her justice, had all her eyes about her) to correct them.

From the time of her ladyship's arrival, it was impossible that dinner could be over

before it was dark; this, with the consideration of the bad road she had to pass through in her way to the next house she meant to visit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to pass the night with us; which, after a few words of apology for the trouble she gave us, and a few more of the honour we received, was agreed to. This gave rise to a new scene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were dislodged from our own apartment, to make room for our noble guest. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and slept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen, who were entitled to the greatest degree of respect; for the remaining two, we found beds at my son-in-law's. My two eldest daughters had, indeed, little time to sleep, being closetted the greatest part of the night with their right honourable visitor. My offices were turn-

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TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

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Yours respectfully,

MODESTUS.

No. 30. SATURDAY, *May* 8, 1779.

IT has sometimes been matter of speculation, whether or not there be a sex in the soul; that there is one in manners, I never heard disputed; the same applause which we involuntarily bestow upon honour, courage, and spirit in men, we as naturally confer upon chastity, modesty, and gentleness in women.

It was formerly one of those national boasts which are always allowable, and sometimes useful, that the ladies of Scotland possessed a purity of conduct, and delicacy of manners, beyond those of most other countries. Free from the bad effects of overgrown fortunes, and of the dissipated society of an overgrown capital, their beauty was natural, and their minds were uncorrupted.

Though I am inclined to believe, that this is still the case in general; yet, from my own observation, and the complaints of several correspondents, I am sorry to be obliged to conclude, that there begins to appear among us a very different style of manners. Perhaps our frequent communication with the metropolis of our sister kingdom, is one great cause of this. Formerly, a London journey was attended with some difficulty and danger, and posting thither was an atchievement as masculine as a fox-chace. Now the goodness of the roads and the convenience of the vehicles, render it a matter of only a few days moderate exercise for a lady; "*Facilis descensus Averni;*" our wives and daughters are carried thither to see the world; and we are not to wonder if some of them bring back only that knowledge of it, which the most ignorant can acquire, and the most forgetful retain. That knowledge is communicated to a

certain circle, on their return, the imitation is as rapid as it is easy; they emulate the English, who before have copied the French; the dress, the phrase, and the moral of Paris, is transplanted first to London, and thence to Edinburgh; and even the sequestered regions of the country are sometimes visited in this northern progress of politeness.

And here I cannot help observing, that the imitation is often so clumsy, as to leave out all the agreeable, and retain all the offensive. In the translation of the manners, as in the translation of the language, of our neighbours, we are apt to lose the finesses, the *petits agremens*, which (I talk like a man of the world) give zest and value to the whole.

It will be said, perhaps, that there is often a levity of behaviour without any criminality of conduct; that the lady who talks always loud, and sometimes free, goesmuch abroad, or keeps a crowd of

company at home, rattles in a public place with a circle of young fellows, or flirts in a corner with a single one, does all this without the smallest bad intention, merely as she puts on a cap, and sticks it with feathers, because she has seen it done by others whose rank and fashion entitle them to her imitation. Now, granting that most of those ladies have all the purity of heart that is contended for, are there no disagreeable consequences, I would ask, from the appearance of evil, exclusive of its reality? Decorum is at least the ensign, if not the outguard, of virtue; the want of it, if it does not weaken the garrison, will, at least, embolden the assailants; and a woman's virtue is of so delicate a nature, that to be impregnable is not enough, without the reputation of being so.

But, though female virtue, in the singular, means chastity, there are many other endowments, without which a woman's

character is reproachable, though it is not infamous. The mild demeanor, the modest deportment, are valued not only as they denote internal purity and innocence, but as forming in themselves the most amiable and engaging part of the female character. There was, of old, a stiff constrained manner, which the moderns finding unpleasant, agreed to explode, and, in the common rage of reformation, substituted the very opposite extreme in its stead; to banish preciseness, they called in levity, and ceremony gave way to something like rudeness. But fashion may alter the form, not the essence of things; and though we may lend our laugh, or even our applause, to the woman whose figure and conversation comes flying out upon us in this fashionable forwardness of manner; yet, I believe, there is scarce a votary of the mode who would wish his sister, his wife, or even his mistress (I use

the word in its modest sense,) to possess it.

I have hitherto pointed my observations chiefly at the appearance of our ladies to the world, which, besides its being more immediately the object of public censorship, a variety of strictures lately sent me by my correspondents naturally led me to consider. I am afraid, however, the same innovation begins to appear in our domestic as in our public life, and that the case of my friend Mr Homespun is far from being singular. Some of those whose rank and station are such as to enforce example, and regulate opinion, think it an honourable distinction to be able to lead, from the sober tract which the maxims of their mothers and grandmothers had marked out for them, such young ladies as chance, relationship, or neighbourhood, has placed within the reach of their influence. The state of diffidence and dependence, in which a young woman used to find her-

self happy under the protection of her parents or guardians, they teach their pupils to consider as incompatible with sense or spirit. With them obedience and subordination are terms of contempt; even the natural restraints of time are disregarded; childhood is immaturely forced into youth, and youth assumes the confidence and self-government of age; domestic duties are held to be slavish, and domestic enjoyments insipid.

There is an appearance of brilliancy in the pleasures of high life and fashion, which naturally dazzles and seduces the young and inexperienced. But let them not believe that the scale of fortune is the standard of happiness; or the whirl of pleasure, which their patronesses describe, productive of the satisfaction which they affect to enjoy in it. Could they trace its course through a month, a week, or a day, of that life which they enjoy, they would find it commonly expire in languor,

or end in disappointment. They would see the daughters of fashion in a state the most painful of any, obliged to cover hatred with the smile of friendship, and anguish with the appearance of gaiety; they would see the mistress of the feast, or the directress of the route, at the table, or in the drawing-room, in the very scene of her pride, torn with those jarring passions which——but I will not talk like a moralist——which make duchesses mean, and the finest women in the world ugly. I do them injustice: for I state this at the time of possession; its value in reflection I forbear to estimate.

If I dared to contrast this with a picture of domestic pleasure; were I to exhibit a family virtuous and happy, where affection takes place of duty, and obedience is enjoyed, not exacted; where the happiness of every individual is reflected upon the society, and a certain tender solicitude about each other, gives a more

delicate sense of pleasure than any enjoyment merely selfish can produce; could I paint them in their little circles of business or of amusement, of sentiment or of gaiety, I am persuaded the scene would be too venerable for the most irreverent to deride, and its happiness too apparent for the most dissipated to deny. Yet to be the child or mother of such a family, is often foregone for the miserable vanity of aping some woman, weak as she is worthless, despised in the midst of flattery, and wretched in the very centre of dissipation.

I have limited this remonstrance to motives merely temporal, because I am informed, some of our high-bred females deny the reality of any other. This refinement of infidelity is one of those new acquirements, which, till of late, were altogether unknown to the ladies of this country, and which I hope very, very few of them are yet possessed of. I mean not

to dispute the solidity of their system, as I am persuaded they have studied the subject deeply, and under very able and learned masters. I would only take the liberty of hinting the purpose for which, I have been told by some fashionable men, such doctrines have frequently been taught. It seems, it is understood by the younger class of our philosophers, that a woman never thinks herself quite alone, till she has put God out of the way, as well as her husband.

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No. 34. Saturday, *May* 22, 1779.

In compliance with a promise I made my readers at the close of last Saturday's paper (at least it was that sort of promise which a man keeps when the thing suits his inclination,) I proceed to give them an account of that dinner to which my friend Mr Umphraville and I were invited by his cousin Mr Bearskin.

On our way to the house, I perceived certain symptoms of dissatisfaction, which my friend could not help bringing forth, though he durst not impute them to the right cause, as I have heard of men beating their wives at home, to revenge themselves for the crosses they have met with abroad. He complained of the moistness of the weather, and the dirtiness of the

street; was quite fatigued with the length of the way, (Mr Bearskin's house being fashionably eccentric,) and almost cursed the tailor for the tightness of a suit of clothes, which he had bespoke on his arrival in town, and had now put on for the first time. His chagrin, I believe, was increased by his having just learned from his lawyer, that the business he came to town about, could not be finished at the time he expected, but would probably last a week longer.

When we entered Mr Bearskin's drawing-room, we found his wife sitting with her three daughters ready to receive us. It was easy to see, by the air of the lady, that she was perfectly mistress of the house, and that her husband was only a secondary person there. He seemed, however, contented with his situation, and an admirer of his wife; a sort of lap-dog husband, (of whom I have seen many,) who looks sleek, runs about briskly, and, though he now

and then gets a kick from his mistress, is as ready to play over his tricks again as ever.

Mr Bearskin, after many expressions of his happiness in seeing his cousin in his new house, proposed walking us down stairs again, to begin shewing it from the ground story upwards. Umphraville, though I saw him sweating at the idea, was ready to follow his conductor, when we were saved by the interposition of the lady, who uttered a "Psha! Mr Bearskin," with so significant a look, that her husband instantly dropped his design, saying, "to be sure there was not much worth seeing, though he could have wished to have shewn his cousin his study, which he thought was tolerably clever." —"I thought, Papa," said the eldest of the misses, "it was not quite in order yet."—"Why, not altogether;" replied her father: "I have not been able to get up my heads, as Pope has lost an ear, and

Homer the left side of his beard, by the carelessness of a packer; and I want about three feet and a half of folios of my lowest shelf."—" I don't care if there was not a folio in the world," rejoined Miss. "Child!" said her mother in a tone of rebuke—Miss bridled up, and was silent;—I smiled;—Umphraville walked to the window, and wiped his forehead.

Bearskin now pulled out his watch, and telling the hour, said, he wondered his friend Mr Blubber was not come, as he was generally punctual to a minute. While he spoke, a loud rap at the door announced the expected company; and presently Mr Blubber, his wife, a son, and two daughters, entered the room. The first had on an old-fashioned pompadour coat, with gold buttons, and very voluminous sleeves, his head adorned by a large major wig, with curls as white and as stiff as if they had been cast in plaster of Paris; but the females, and

heir of the family, were dressed in the very height of the mode. Bearskin introduced the old gentleman to his cousin Mr Umphraville:—"Mr Blubber, Sir, a very particular friend of mine, and (turning to me with a whisper) worth fourscore thousand pounds, if he's worth a farthing." Blubber said, he feared they had kept us waiting; but that his wife and daughters had got under the hands of the hair-dresser, and he verily thought would never have had done with him. The ladies were too busy to reply to this accusation; they had got into a committee of enquiry on Mr Edward Blubber's waistcoat, which had been tamboured, it seems, by his sisters, and was universally declared to be monstrous handsome. The young man himself seemed to be highly delighted with the reflection of it in a mirror that stood opposite to him. "Isn't it vastly pretty, Sir?" said one of the young ladies to Umphraville. "Ma'am!"

said he, starting from a reverie, in which I saw, by his countenance, he was meditating on the young gentleman and his waistcoat in no very favourable manner. I read her countenance too; she thought Umphraville just the fool he did her brother.

Dinner was now announced, and the company, after some ceremonial, got into their places at table, in the centre of which stood a sumptuous *epargne*, filled, as Bearskin informed us, with the produce of his farm. This joke, which, I suppose, was as regular as the grace before dinner, was explained to the ignorant to mean, that the sweetmeats came from a plantation in one of the West-India islands, in which he had a concern. The *epargne* itself now produced another dissertation from the ladies, and, like the waistcoat, was also pronounced monstrous handsome. Blubber, taking his eye half off a plate of salmon, to which he had

just been helped, observed, that it would come to a handsome price too;—" Sixty ounces, I'll warrant it," said he; " but as the plate-tax is now repealed, it will cost but the interest a-keeping."—" La, papa," said Miss Blubber, " you are always thinking of the money things cost!" " Yes," added her brother, " Tables of interest are an excellent accompaniment for a desert." At this speech all the ladies laughed very loud. Blubber said, he was an impudent dog; but seemed to relish his son's wit notwithstanding. Umphraville looked sternly at him; and, had not a glance at his waistcoat set him down as something beneath a man's anger, I don't know what consequences might have followed. During the rest of the entertainment, I could see the *fumet* of fool and coxcomb on every morsel that Umphraville swallowed, though Mrs Bearskin, next whom he sat, was at great

pains to help him to the nice bits of every thing within her reach.

When dinner was over, Mr Blubber mentioned his design of making a tour through the Highlands, to visit Stirling, Taymouth, and Dunkeld; and applying to our landlord for some description of these places, was by him referred to Mr Umphraville and me. Mr Umphraville was not in a communicative mood; so I was obliged to assure Mr Blubber, who talked with much uncertainty and apprehension of these matters, that he would find beds and bed-clothes, meat for himself, and corn for his horses, at the several places above-mentioned; that he had no dangerous seas to cross in getting at them; and that there were no highwaymen upon the road.

After this there was a considerable interval of silence, and we were in danger of getting once more upon Mr Edward's fine waistcoat, when Mr Bearskin, in-

forming the company that his cousin was a great lover of music, called on his daughter, Mis Polly, for a song, with which, after some of the usual apologies, she complied; and, in compliment to Mr Umphraville's taste, who she was sure must like Italian music, she sung, or rather squalled, a song of Sacchini's, in which there was scarce one bar in tune from beginning to end. Miss Blubber said, in her usual phraseology, that it was a monstrous sweet air. Her brother swore it was divinely sung. Umphraville gulped down a falsehood with a very bad grace, and said, Miss would be a good singer with a little more practice. A compliment which was not more distant from truth on one side, than from Miss's expectations on the other, and I could plainly perceive, did not set him forward in the favour of the family.

"My father is a judge of singing too," said Mr Edward Blubber; "what is your

opinion of the song, Sir?"—" My opinion is," said he, " that your Italianos always set me asleep; English ears should have English songs, I think." " Then, suppose one of the ladies should give us an English song," said I. " 'Tis a good motion," said Mr Bearskin, " I second it; Miss Betsy Blubber sings an excellent English song." Miss Betsy denied stoutly that she ever sung at all; but evidence being produced against her, she, at last, said, she would try if she could make out " The Maid's Choice." " Ay, ay, Betsy," said her father, " a very good song; I have heard it before.

——" If I could but find,
I care not for fortune—Umh!—a man to my mind."

Miss Betsy began the song accordingly, and, to make up for her want of voice, accompanied it with a great deal of action. Either from the accident of his being placed opposite to her, or from a

sly application to his state as an old bachelor, she chose to personify the maid's choice in the figure of Umphraville, and pointed the description of the song particularly at him. Umphraville, with all his dignity, his abilities, and his knowledge, felt himself uneasy and ridiculous under the silly allusion of a ballad; he blushed, attempted to laugh, blushed again, and still looked with that awkward importance which only the more attracted the ridicule of the fools around him. Not long after the ladies retired; and no persuasion of his cousin could induce him to stay the evening, or even to enter the drawing-room where they were assembled at tea.

"Thank Heaven!" said Umphraville, when the door was shut, and we had got fairly into the street. "Amen!" I replied, smiling, "for our good dinner and excellent wine!" "How the devil, Charles," said he, "do you contrive to bear all this

nonsense with the composure you do?" "Why, I have often told you, my friend, that our earth is not a planet fitted up only for the reception of wise men—Your Blubbers and Bearskins are necessary parts of the system; they deserve the enjoyments they are capable of feeling; and I am not sure if he who suffers from his own superiority does not deserve his sufferings."

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

As you treat much of politeness, I wish you would take notice of a particular sort of incivility from which one suffers, without being thought intitled to complain,—I mean that of never contradicting one at all.

I have lately come from my father's in the country, where I was reckoned a girl of tolerable parts, to reside for some time at my aunt's in town. Here is a visitor, Mr Dapperwit, a good-looking young man, with white teeth, a fine complexion, his cheeks dimpled, and rather a little full and large at bottom: in short, the civilest, most complying sort of face you can imagine. As I have often taken notice of his behaviour, I was resolved to minute down his discourse the other evening at tea. The conversation began about the

weather, my aunt observing, that the seasons were wonderfully altered in her memory. "Certainly, my lady," said Mr Dapperwit, "amazingly altered indeed." "Now I have heard my father say," said I, "that is a vulgar error; for that it appears from registers kept for the purpose, that the state of the weather, though it may be different in certain seasons, months, or weeks, preserves a wonderful equilibrium in general." "Why, to be sure, Miss, I believe in general, as you say; but, talking of the weather, I hope your ladyship caught no cold at the play t'other night; we were so awkwardly situated in getting out." "Not in the least, Sir; I was greatly obliged to your services there." "You were well entertained, I hope, my lady?" "Very well, indeed; I laughed exceedingly; there is a great deal of wit in Shakespeare's comedies; 'tis pity there is so much of low life in them." "Your ladyship's criticism is extremely just; eve-

ry body must be struck with it." "Why now I think," said I again, "that what you call low life, is nature, which I would not lose for all the rest of the play." "Oh! doubtless, Miss; for nature Shakespeare is inimitable; every body must allow that." "What do you think, Sir," said my cousin Betsy, who is a piece of a poetess herself, "of that monody you were so kind as to send us yesterday?" "I never deliver my opinion, Ma'am, before so able a judge, till I am first informed of hers." "I think it the most beautiful poem, Sir, I have read of a great while." "Your opinion, Ma'am, flatters me extremely, as it agrees exactly with my own; they are, I think, incontestably the sweetest lines"—"Sweet they may be (here I broke in:) I allow them merit in the versification; but that is only one, and with me, by no means the chief requisite in a poem; they want force altogether." "Nay, as to the mat-

ter of force, indeed, it must be owned"—"Yes, Sir, and unity, and propriety, and a thousand other things; but, if my cousin will be kind enough to fetch the poem from her dressing-room, we will be judged by you, Mr Dapperwit." "Pardon me, ladies, you would not have me be so rude.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

And, with that, he made one of the finest bows in the world.

If all this, Sir, proceed from silliness, we must pity the man, and there's an end on't; if it arise from an idea of silliness in us, let such gentlemen as Mr Dapperwit know, that they are very much mistaken. But if it be the effect of pure civility,—pray inform them, Mr Mirror, that it is the most provoking piece of rudeness they can possibly commit.

Yours, &c.

BRIDGET NETTLEWIT.

feit as much of this complacency in their deportment as possible. In this, indeed, they begin at quite the different end of the matter from you, Sir; complacency to husbands, wives, children, and relations, they leave people to teach themselves; but the art of pleasing every body else, as it is a thing of much greater importance, they take proportionably greater pains to instil into their disciples.

I have, for some time past, been employed in reducing this art into a system, and have some thoughts of opening a subscription for a course of lectures on the subject. To qualify myself for the task, I have studied, with unwearied attention, the letters of the immortal earl of Chesterfield, which I intend to use as my text-book on this occasion, allowing only for the difference which even a few years produce in an art so fluctuating as this. Before I lodge my subscription-paper with the booksellers, I wish to give a specimen

of my abilities to the readers of the Mirror; for which purpose I beg the favour of you to insert in your next Number the following substance of a lecture on Simulation. Our noble author, indeed, extends his doctrine the length of Dissimulation only, from which he distinguishes Simulation as something not quite so fair and honest. But, for my part, I have not sufficient nicety of ideas to make the distinction, and would humbly recommend to every person, who wishes to be thoroughly well bred, not to confuse his head with it. Taking, therefore, the shorter word as the more gentlemanlike, I proceed to my subject of

SIMULATION.

"SIMULATION is the great basis of the art which I have the honour to teach. I shall humbly endeavour to treat this branch

of my subject, though much less ably, yet more scientifically, than my great master, by reducing it into a form like that adopted by the professors of the other sciences, and even borrowing from them some of the terms by which I mean to illustrate it.

"This rule of false (to adopt an algebraical term) I shall divide into two parts; that which regards the external figure of the man or woman; and that which is necessary in the accomplishment of the mind, and its seeming developement to others.

"Fashion may be termed the regulator of the first, decorum of the latter. But I must take this opportunity of informing my audience, that the signification of words, when applied to persons of condition, is often quite different from that which they are understood to bear in the ordinary standard of language. With such persons (if I may be allowed so bold an

expression) it may often be the fashion to be unfashionable, and decorum to act against all propriety; good breeding may consist in rudeness, and politeness in being very impertinent. This will hold in the passive, as well as in the active of our art; people of fashion will be pleased with such treatment from people of fashion, the natural feelings in this, as in the other fine arts, giving way, amongst connoisseurs, to knowledge and taste.

"Having made this preliminary observation, I return to my subject of Simulation.

"It will be found, that appearing what one is not, is, in both divisions of my subject, the criterion of politeness. The man who is rich enough to afford fine clothes, is, by this rule of false, intitled to wear very shabby ones; while he who has a narrow fortune is to be dressed in the inverse ratio to his finances. One corollary from this proposition is obvious: he who

takes off his suit on credit, and has neither inclination nor ability to pay for it, is to be dressed the most expensively of the three. The same rule holds in houses, dinners, servants, horses, equipages, &c. and is to be followed, as far as the law will allow, even the length of bankruptcy, or perhaps a little beyond it.

" On the same principle, a simple gentleman, or esquire, must at all places of public resort be apparelled like a gentleman or esquire. A baronet may take the liberty of a dirty shirt; a lord need not shew any shirt at all, but wear a handkerchief round his neck in its stead; an earl may add to all this a bunch of uncombed hair hanging down his back; and a duke, over and above the privileges above-mentioned, is intitled to appear in boots and buckskin breeches.

" Following the same rule of inversion, the scholar of a provincial dancing-master must bow at coming into, and going

out of, a drawing-room, and that pretty low too. The pupil of Gallini is to push forward with the rough stride of a porter, and make only a slight inclination of his head when he has got into the middle of the room. At going out of it, he is to take no notice of the company at all.

" In the externals of the female world, from the great complication of the machine, it is not easy to lay down precise regulations. Still, however, the rule of false may be traced as the governing principle. It is very feminine to wear a riding-habit and a smart cocked hat one half of the day; because that dress approaches nearer to the masculine apparel than any other. It is very modest to lay open the greatest part of the neck and bosom to the view of the beholders; and it is incumbent on those ladies who occupy the front row of a box at a play, to wear high feathers, and to wave them more unceasingly than any other ladies, because other-

wise the company who sit behind might be supposed to have some desire of seeing the stage. Since I have mentioned the theatre, I may remark (though it is foreign to this part of my discourse,) that, in the most affecting scenes of a tragedy, it is polite to laugh; whereas, in the ordinary detail of the two first acts, it is not required that a lady should make any greater noise than to talk aloud to every one around her.

"Simulation of person, which is only, indeed, a sort of dress, is also necessary among ladies of fashion. Nature is to be falsified as well in those parts of the shape which she has left small, as in those she has made large.

"The Simulation of face, I am happy to find, from an examination of the books of some perfumers and colourmen of my acquaintance, is daily gaining ground among the politer females of this country. But it has hitherto been regulated

by principles somewhat different from those which govern other parts of external appearance, laid down in the beginning of this paper, as it is generally practised by those who are most under the necessity of practising it. I would, therefore, humbly recommend to that beautiful young lady, whom I saw at the last assembly of the season, with a coat of rouge on her cheeks, to lay it aside for these three or four years at least: at present, it too much resembles their natural colour to be proper for her to wear—though, on second thoughts, I believe I may retract my advice, as the laying it on for a little while longer will reduce her skin to that dingy appearance which the rule of false allows to be converted, by paint, into the complexion of lilies and roses."

The second part of my observations on this subject I shall send you at some fu-

No. 40. SATURDAY, *June* 12, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise, I send you the second division of my lecture on SIMULATION, as it respects the internal part of the science of politeness.

"Among barbarous nations, it has been observed, the emotions of the mind are not more violently felt than strongly expressed. Grief, anger, and jealousy, not only tear the heart, but disfigure the countenance; while love, joy, and mirth, have their opposite effects on the soul, and are visible, by opposite appearances, in the aspect. Now, as a very refined people are in a state exactly the reverse of a very

rude one, it follows that, instead of allowing the passions thus to lord it over their minds and faces, it behoves them to mitigate and restrain those violent emotions, both in feeling and appearance; the latter, at least, is within the power of art and education, and to regulate it is the duty of a well-bred person. On this truly philosophical principle is founded that ease, indifference, or nonchalance, which is the great mark of a modern man of fashion.

"That instance of politeness which I mentioned (somewhat out of place indeed) in the first part of this discourse, the conduct of a fine lady at a tragedy, is to be carried into situations of real sorrow as much as possible. Indeed, though it may seem a bold assertion, I believe the art of putting on indifference, about the real object, is not a whit more difficult than that of assuming it about the theatrical. I have known several ladies and

gentlemen who had acquired the first in perfection, without being able to execute the latter, at least to execute it in that masterly manner which marks the performances of an adept.—One night, last winter, I heard Bob Bustle talking from a front-box, to an acquaintance in the pit, about the death of their late friend Jack Riot.—'Riot is dead, Tom; kick'd this morning, egad!'—'Riot dead! poor Jack! what did he die of?'—'One of your damnation apoplectics killed him in the chucking off a bumper; you could scarce have heard him wheazle!'—'Damn'd bad that! Jack was an honest fellow!—What becomes of his grey poney?'—'The poney is mine.'—'Yours!'—'Why, yes; I staked my white and liver-coloured bitch Phillis against the grey poney, Jack's life to mine for the season.'——At that instant, a lady entering the box, (it was about the middle of the fourth act,) obliged Bob to shift his place; he sat out of ear-shot of

his friend in the pit, biting his nails, and looking towards the stage, in a sort of nothing-to-do-ish way, just as the last parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera was going on there. I observed (I confess, with regret, for he is one of my favourite pupils) the progress of its victory over Bob's politeness. He first grew attentive, then hummed a tune, then grew attentive again, then took out his tooth-pick case, then looked at the players in spite of him, then grew serious, then agitated,——till, at last, he was fairly beat out of his ground, and obliged to take shelter behind lady Cockatoo's head, to prevent the disgrace of being absolutely seen weeping.

"But, to return from this digression.—The Simulation of indifference in affliction is equally a female as a male accomplishment. On the death of a very, very near relation, a husband, for instance, custom has established a practice, which polite

people have not yet been able to overcome; a lady must stay at home, and play cards for a week or two. But the decease of any one more distant, she is to talk of as a matter of very little moment, except when it happens on the eve of an assembly, a ball, or a ridotto; at such seasons she is allowed to regret it as a very unfortunate accident. This rule of deportment extends to distresses poignant indeed; as, in perfect good-breeding, the fall of a set of Dresden, the spilling of a plate of soup on a new brocade, or even a bad run of cards, is to be borne with as equal a countenance as may be.

"Anger, the second passion above enumerated, is to be covered with the same cloak of ease and good manners; injury, if of a deep kind, with professions of esteem and friendship. Thus, though it would be improper to squeeze a gentleman's hand, and call him my dear Sir, or my best friend, when we mean to hit him

a slap on the face, or to throw a bottle at his head; yet it is perfectly consistent with politeness, to show him all those marks of civility and kindness, when we intend to strip him of his fortune at play, to counterplot him at an election, or to seduce his wife. The last mentioned particular should naturally lead to the consideration of jealousy; but on this it is needless to insist, as, among well-bred people, the feeling itself is quite in disuse.

"Love is one of those passions which politeness lays us under a particular obligation to disguise, as the discovery of it to third persons is peculiarly offensive and disagreeable. Therefore, when a man happens to sit by a tolerably handsome girl, for whom he does not care a farthing, he is at liberty to kiss her hand, call her an angel, and tell her he dies for her; but, if he has a real *tendre* for her, he is to stare in her face with a broad unfeeling look, tell her she looks monstrous ill

this evening, and that her *coiffeuse* has pinned her cap shockingly awry. From not attending to the practice of this rule amongst people of fashion, the inferior world has been led to imagine, that matrimony with them is a state of indifference or aversion; whereas, in truth, the appearances from which that judgment is formed, are the strongest indications of connubial happiness and affection.

"On the subject of joy, or at least of mirth, that great master of our art, my Lord Chesterfield, has been precise in his directions. He does not allow of laughter at all; by which, however, he is to be understood as only precluding that exercise as a sign, common with the vulgar, of internal satisfaction; it is by no means to be reprobated as a disguise for chagrin, or an engine of wit; it is, indeed, the readiest of all repartees, and will often give a man of fashion the victory over an infe-

rior, with every talent, but that of assurance, on his side.

"As the passions and affections, so are the virtues of a polite man to be carefully concealed or disguised. In this particular, our art goes far beyond the rules of philosophers, or the precepts of the Bible; they enjoined men not to boast of their virtues; we teach them to brag of their vices, which is certainly a much sublimer pitch of self-denial. Besides, the merit of disinterestedness lies altogether on our side; the disciples of those antiquated teachers expecting, as they confess, a reward somewhere; our conduct has only the pure consciousness of acting like a man of fashion for its recompence, as we evidently profit nothing by it at present, and the idea of future retribution, were we ever to admit of it, is rather against us."

Such, Mr Mirror, is the substance of one of my lectures, which, I think, promise so much edification to our country,

(yet only in an improving state with regard to the higher and more refined parts of politeness,) that it must be impossible for your patriotism to refuse their encouragement. If you insert this in your next paper (if accompanied with some commendatory paragraphs of your own, so much the better,) I shall take care to present you with a dozen admission tickets, as soon as the number of my subscribers enables me to begin my course.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SIMULATOR.

No. 41. TUESDAY, *June* 15, 1779.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRG.

PASSING the Exchange a few days ago, I perceived a little before me a short plump-looking man, seeming to set his watch by St Giles's clock, which had just then struck two. On observing him a little more closely, I recognised Mr Blubber, with whom I had become acquainted at the house of my friend Umphraville's cousin, Mr Bearskin. He also recollected me, and shaking me cordially by the hand, told me he was just returned safe from his journey to the Highlands, and had been regulating his watch by our town-clock, as he found the sun did not go exactly in the Highlands as it did in the low country. He added, that if I would come and eat a Welsh rabbit, and

drink a glass of punch with him and his family that evening, at their lodgings hard by, they would give me an account of their expedition. He said, they found my description of things a very just one; and was pleased to add, that his wife and daughters had taken a great liking to me ever since the day we met at his friend Bearskin's. After this, it was impossible to resist his invitation, and I went to his lodgings in the evening accordingly, where I found all the family assembled, except Mr Edward, whom they accounted for in the history of their expedition.

I could not help making one preliminary observation, that it was much too early in the season for viewing the country to advantage; but to this Mr Blubber had a very satisfactory answer; they were resolved to complete their tour before the new tax upon post-horses should be put in execution.

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Of Stirling, the young ladies remarked, that the view from the castle was very fine, and the windings of the river very curious. But neither of them had ever been at Richmond. Mrs Blubber, who had been oftener than once there, told us, "that from the hill was a much grander prospect; that the river Thames made two twists for one that the Forth made at Stirling; besides, there was a wood so charming thick, that, unless when you got to a rising ground, like what the Star and Garter stands on, you could scarce see a hundred yards before you."

Taymouth seemed to strike the whole family. The number and beauty of the temples were taken particular notice of; nor was the trimness of the walks and hedges without commendation. Miss Betsy Blubber declared herself charmed with the shady walk by the side of the Tay, and remarked, what an excellent fancy it was to shut out the view of the river, so

that you might hear the stream without seeing it. Mr Blubber, however, objected to the vicinity of the hills, and Mrs Blubber to that of the lake, which she was sure must be extremely unwholesome. To this circumstance she imputed her rheumatism, which she told us, " had been very troublesome to her the first night she lay'd there; but that she had always the precaution of carrying a bottle of *Beaume de Vie* in the chaise, and that a dose of it had effectually cured her."

The ladies were delighted with the Hermitage. Mrs Blubber confessed, " she was somewhat afeard at first to trust herself with the guide, down a dark narrow path, to the Lord knows where; but then it was so charming when he let in the light upon them."—" Yes, and so natural," said her eldest daughter, " with the flowers growing out of the wall, and the bear-skins so pure soft for the Hermit to sleep on."——" And their garter-

blue colour so lively and so pretty," said Miss Betsy; "I vow I could have stayed there for ever.——You wa'n't there, Papa."——"No," replied he, rather sullenly, "but I saw one of them same things at Dunkeld next day."——The young ladies declared they were quite different things, and that no judgment could be formed of the one from the other; upon which Mr Blubber began to grow angry; and Mrs Blubber interposing, put an end to the question; whispering me, at the same time, that her husband had fallen asleep, after a hearty dinner at the inn near Taymouth, and that she and her children had gone to see the Hermitage without him. I was farther informed, that Mr Edward Blubber had left their party at this place; having gone along with two English gentlemen whom he met there, to see a great many curiosities farther off in the Highlands. "For my part," said Blubber, "though I was told it was a

great way off, and over terrible mountains, as indeed we could perceive them to be from the windows, I did not care to hinder his going, as I like to see spirit in a young man."

The rest of the family returned by the way of Dunkeld, which the ladies likewise commended as a monstrous pleasant place. Mr Blubber dissented a little, saying, "he could not see the pleasure of always looking at the same things; hills, and wood, and water, over and over again." The river here, he owned, was a pretty rural thing enough; but, for his part, he should think it much more lively if it had a few ships and lighters on it. Miss Blubber did not agree with him as to the ships and lighters; but she confessed, she thought a little company would improve it a good deal. Miss Betsy differed from both, and declared, she relished nothing so much as solitude and retirement. This led to a description of a second hermitage

they had visited at this place, from which, and some of the grottoes adjoining, Miss Betsy had taken down some sweet copies of verses, as she called them, in her memorandum-book. The fall of water here had struck the family much. Mrs Blubber observed, how like it was to the cascade at Vauxhall; her eldest daughter remarked, however, that the fancy of looking at it through panes of different-coloured glass in the Hermitage-room, was an improvement on that at Spring-gardens.

The bridge at Perth was the last section of the family-journal that we discoursed on. The ladies had inadvertently crossed it in the carriage to see the palace at Scone, at which they complained there was nothing to be seen; and Mr Blubber complained of the extravagance of the Toll on the bridge, which he declared was higher than at Blackfriars. He was assured, however, that he had paid no more than the legal charge, by his landlord, Mr

Marshall, at whose house he received some consolation from an excellent dinner, and a bed, he said, which the Lord Mayor of London might have laid on. "I hope there is no offence, (continued Mr Blubber, very politely,) as I understand the landlord is an Englishman: but, at the King's Arms, I met with the only real good buttered toast that I have seen in Scotland."

But however various were the remarks of the family on the particulars of their journey in detail, I found they had perfectly settled their respective opinions of travelling in general. The ladies had formed their conclusion, that it was monstrous pleasant, and the gentleman his, that it was monstrous dear.

No. 42. SATURDAY, *June* 19, 1779.

WHEN I first undertook this publication, it was suggested by some of my friends, and, indeed, accorded entirely with my own ideas, that there should be nothing of religion in it. There is a sacredness in the subject, that might seem profaned by its introduction into a work, which, to be extensively read, must sometimes be ludicrous, and often ironical. This consideration will apply, in the strongest manner, to any thing mystic or controversial; but it may, perhaps, admit of an exception, when religion is only introduced as a feeling, not a system, as appealing to the sentiments of the heart, not to the disquisitions of the head. The following story holds it up in that light, and is

therefore, I think, admissible into the Mirror. It was sent to my editor as a translation from the French. Of this my readers will judge. Perhaps they might be apt to suspect, without any suggestion from me, that it is an original, not a translation. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that it contains in it much of that picturesque description, and that power of awakening the tender feelings, which so remarkably distinguish the composition of a gentleman, whose writings I have often read with pleasure. But, be that as it may, as I felt myself interested in the narrative, and believed that it would affect my readers in the like manner, I have ventured to give it entire as I received it, though it will take up the room of three successive papers.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

MORE than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps in the structure of such a mind as Mr ———'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound in-

vestigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.—Our philosopher had been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had

been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter. —Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his gouvernante to the sick man's apartment.

It was the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bedgown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr——— and

his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—"Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression.—It was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; "if he could possibly be moved any where"——"If he could be moved to our house," said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied,

next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy

journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr——, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—"My master,"—said the old woman, "alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers."——"Not a Christian!"—exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for it; I would he were a Christian!"—"There is a pride in human knowledge,

my child," said her father, " which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation ; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."—" But Mr ——," said his daughter, " alas ! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies."—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness:—she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.——" I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, " for my recovery."—" That is right," replied his landlord.——" I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, " to think otherwise; did I not look up with

gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good.——Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me, (he clasped Mr ———'s hand;)—but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to Him: it is prepared for doing His will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."—You say right, my dear Sir," replied the philosopher; " but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me today, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland: I have a great mind to accompany your

daughter and you into that country.—I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure." La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

No. 43. Tuesday, June 22, 1779.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance, which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He

talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse: when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the

canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.——A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.--The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear, that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afford-

ed. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their

meaning to his guest. That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it: a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us; if you chuse rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books, that may afford you some entertainment within."—"By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions."—"She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."—"'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the cur-

tain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr ——— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm; —it paused, it ceased; and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Be-

ing whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from dispatation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in Heaven!" might the good man say—

for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr ———, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense or enjoyments of the world; yet so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me —and I have had my share—it confers a

dignity on my affliction,—so lifts me above the world!—Man, I know, is but a worm,—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!" —It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the villagers, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr ——, as a

stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions, to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—" They are not seen in Flanders!" said Ma'moiselle, with a sigh. " That's an odd remark," said Mr ——, smiling.——She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

It was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a

plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

No. 44. SATURDAY, *June* 26, 1779.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

ABOUT three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a

visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr ——'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at

home. The time of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress: he

was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr ——'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir?—you never beheld a lovelier"—"La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply—"Alas! it was she indeed!"—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr ——; "I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche." "Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did she die? Where is her father?" "She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her

death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed, as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions:—Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him." He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased; La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their

grief. Mr —— was not less affected than they. La Roche arose. "Father of mercies!" said he, "forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, 'Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.' When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible,

my friends. I cannot, I cannot, if I would his tears flowed afresh —I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to Him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy; ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards Him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the

chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to Him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict! For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with him, with our friends, His servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again never to be separated. But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived: that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr —— followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in, rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. "Oh! my friend!" said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr ——— had now recollected himself; he stept forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You see my weakness," said he, "'tis the

weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost." "I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend," said he; "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast; if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

Mr ——'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

No. 49. Tuesday, *July* 13, 1779.

As I walked one evening, about a fortnight ago, through St Andrew's-square, I observed a girl, meanly dressed, coming along the pavement at a slow pace. When I passed her, she turned a little towards me, and made a sort of halt, but said nothing. I am ill at looking any body full in the face, so I went on a few steps before I turned my eye to observe her. She had, by this time, resumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form, which the poorness of her garb could not altogether overcome: her person was thin and genteel, and there was something not ungraceful in the stoop of her head, and the seeming feebleness with which she walked. I could not resist the desire which her appearance gave me,

of knowing somewhat of her situation and circumstances: I therefore walked back, and repassed her with such a look, (for I could bring myself to nothing more,) as might induce her to speak what she seemed desirous to say at first. This had the effect I wished.—" Pity a poor orphan!" said she, in a voice tremulous and weak. I stopped, and put my hand in my pocket. I had now a better opportunity of observing her. Her face was thin and pale; part of it was shaded by her hair, of a light brown colour, which was parted, in a disordered manner, at her forehead, and hung loose upon her shoulders; round them was cast a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand she held across her bosom, while the other was half-outstretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were cast on the ground: she was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it; on receiving which, she turned them up to me,

muttered something which I could not hear, and then, letting go her cloak, and pressing her hands together, burst into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and my curiosity was strongly excited by it. I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend hard by, whose beneficence I have often had occasion to know. When she arrived there, she was so fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after some means used to restore her, that she was able to give us an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, she told us, was Collins; the place of her birth one of the northern counties of England. Her father, who had died several years ago, left her remaining with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of seventeen. By his industry, however, joined to that of his mother, they were tolerably supported, their father having died possessed

of a small farm, with the right of pasturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood: that, last summer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting serjeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to enlist as a soldier, and soon after was marched off, along with some other recruits, to join his regiment: that this, she believed, broke her mother's heart, for that she had never afterwards had a day's health, and, at length, had died about three weeks ago; that, immediately after her death, the steward employed by the 'squire of whom their farm was held, took possession of every thing for the arrears of their rent: that, as she had heard her brother's regiment was in Scotland when he enlisted, she had wandered hither in quest of him, as she had no other relation in the world to own her. But she found, on arriving here, that the regiment had been embark-

ed several months before, and was gone a great way off, she could not tell whither.

"This news," said she, "laid hold of my heart; and I have had something wrong here," putting her hand to her bosom, "ever since. I got a bed and some victuals in the house of a woman here in town, to whom I told my story, and who seemed to pity me. I had then a little bundle of things, which I had been allowed to take with me after my mother's death; but the night before last, somebody stole it from me while I slept; and so the woman said she would keep me no longer, and turned me out into the street, where I have since remained, and am almost famished for want."

She was now in better hands; but our assistance had come too late. A frame, naturally delicate, had yielded to the fatigues of her journey, and the hardships of her situation. She declined by slow

but uninterrupted degrees, and yesterday breathed her last. A short while before she expired, she asked to see me; and taking from her bosom a little silver locket, which she told me had been her mother's, and which all her distresses could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he should return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate strongly; but I tell not her story merely to indulge my feelings; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers, useful to others who may suffer from similar causes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, sons, or fathers, to bleed in her service, forlorn, like poor Nancy Collins, with "no relation in the world to own them." Their sufferings are often unknown, when they are such as most demand compassion. The mind that cannot obtrude its distresses on the

ear of pity, is formed to feel their poignancy the deepest.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the people. In defeat, we think of the fall, and in victory, of the glory of commanders; we seldom allow ourselves to consider how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched: how many, amidst the acclamations of national triumph, are left to the helpless misery of the widowed and the orphan, and, while victory celebrates her festival, feel, in their distant hovels, the extremities of want and wretchedness.

It was with pleasure I saw, among the resolutions of a late patriotic assembly in this city, an agreement to assist the poor families of our absent soldiers and seamen. With no less satisfaction I read in some late newspapers, a benevolent advertisement for a meeting of gentlemen, to consider of a subscription for the same

purpose. At this season of general and laudable exertion, I am persuaded such a scheme cannot fail of patronage and success. The benevolence of this country requires not argument to awaken it; yet the pleasures of its exertion must be increased by the thought, that pity to such objects is patriotism; that, here, private compassion becomes public virtue. Bounties for the encouragement of recruits to our fleets and armies, are highly meritorious donations. These, however, may sometimes bribe the covetous, and allure the needy; but that charity which gives support and protection to the families they leave behind, addresses more generous feelings; feelings which have always been held congenial to bravery and to heroism. It endears to them that home which their swords are to defend, and strengthens those ties which should ever bind the soldier of a free state to his country.

Nor will such a provision be of less advantage to posterity than to the present times. It will save to the state many useful subjects, which those families, thus supported, may produce; whose lives have formerly been often nurtured by penury to vice, and rendered not only useless, but baneful to the community; that community which, under a more kindly influence, they might, like their fathers, have enriched by their industry, and protected by their valour.

No. 53. Tuesday, *July* 26, 1779.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

Sir,

I am one of the young women mentioned in two letters which you published in your 12th and 25th Numbers, though I did not know till very lately that our family had been put into print in the Mirror. Since it is so, I think I too may venture to write you a letter, which, if it be not quite so well written as my father's, (though I am no great admirer of his style neither,) will at least be as true.

Soon after my Lady ——'s visit at our house, of which the last of my father's letters informed you, a sister of his, who is married to a man of business here in Edinburgh, came with her husband to see

us in the country; and, though my sister Mary and I soon discovered many vulgar things about them, yet, as they were both very good-humoured sort of people, and took great pains to make themselves agreeable, we could not help looking with regret to the time of their departure. When that drew near, they surprised us, by an invitation to me, to come and spend some months with my cousins in town, saying, that my mother could not miss my company at home, while she had so good a companion and assistant in the family as her daughter Mary.

To me there were not so many allurements in this journey as might have been imagined. I had lately been taught to look on London as the only capital worth visiting; besides that, I did not expect the highest satisfaction from the society I should meet with at my aunt's, which, I confess, I was apt to suppose none of the most genteel. I contrived to keep the

matter in suspense, (for it was left entirely to my own determination,) till I should write for the opinion of my friend Lady —— on the subject; for, ever since our first acquaintance, we had kept up a constant and regular correspondence. In our letters, which were always written in a style of the warmest affection, we were in the way of talking with the greatest freedom of every body of our acquaintance. It was delightful, as her ladyship expressed it, "to unfold one's feelings in the bosom of friendship;" and she accordingly was wont to send me the most natural and lively pictures of the company who resorted to ——; and I, in return, transmitted her many anecdotes of those persons which chance, or a greater intimacy, gave me an opportunity of learning. To prevent discovery, we corresponded under the signatures of Hortensia and Leonora; and some very particular intelligence her ladyship taught me not

to commit to ink, but to set down in lemon juice.—I wander from my story, Mr Mirror; "but I cannot help fondly recalling (as Emilia, in the novel, says,) those halcyon days of friendship and felicity."

When her ladyship's answer arrived, I found her clearly of opinion, that I ought to accept of my aunt's invitation. She was very jocular on the manners which she supposed I should find in that lady's family; but she said I might take the opportunity of making some acquirements, which, though London alone could perfect, Edinburgh might, in some degree, communicate.—She concluded her letter with requesting the continuation of my correspondence, and a narrative of every thing that was passing in town, especially with respect to some ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whom she pointed out in a particular observation.

To Edinburgh, therefore, I accompa-

nied my aunt, and found a family very much disposed to make me happy. In this they might, perhaps, have succeeded more completely, had I not acquired, from the instructions of Lady ——, and the company I saw at her house, certain notions of polite life, with which I did not find any thing at Mr ——'s correspond. It was often, indeed, their good-humour which offended me as coarse, and their happiness that struck me as vulgar. There was not such a thing as hip, or low spirits, among them; a sort of finery which, at ——, I found a person of fashion could not possibly be without.

They were at great pains to shew me any sights that were to be seen, with some of which I was really little pleased, and with others I thought it would look like ignorance to seem pleased. They took me to the play-house, where there was little company, and very little attention. I was carried to the concert, where

the case was exactly the same. I found great fault with both; for though I had not much skill, I had got words enough for finding fault from my friend Lady ——: upon which they made an apology for our entertainment, by telling me, that the play-house was, at that time, managed by a fidler, and the concert was allowed to manage itself.

Our parties at home were agreeable enough. I found Mr ———'s and my aunt's visitors very different from what I had been made to expect, and not at all the cocknies my Lady ——, and some of her humorous guests, used to describe. They were not, indeed, so polite as the fashionable company I had met at her ladyship's; but they were much more civil. Among the rest was my uncle-in-law's partner, a good-looking young man, who, from the first, was so particularly attentive to me, that my cousins jokingly called him my lover; and even my aunt sometimes told

me she believed he had a serious attachment to me; but I took care not to give him any encouragement, as I had always heard my friend Lady ——— talk of the wife of a *bourgeois* as the most contemptible creature in the world.

The season at last arrived, in which, I was told, the town would appear in its gaiety, a great deal of good company being expected at the races. For the races I looked with anxiety, for another reason; my dear Lady —— was to be here at that period. Of this I was informed by a letter from my sister. From her ladyship I had not heard for a considerable time, as she had been engaged in a round of visits to her acquaintance in the country.

The very morning after her arrival, (for I was on the watch to get intelligence of her,) I called at her lodgings. When the servant appeared, he seemed doubtful about letting me in; at last he ushered

me into a little darkish parlour, where, after waiting about half an hour, he brought me word, that his lady could not try on the gown I had brought then, but desired me to fetch it next day at eleven. I now perceived there had been a mistake as to my person; and telling the fellow, somewhat angrily, that I was no mantua-maker, desired him to carry to his lady a slip of paper, on which I wrote with a pencil the well-known name of Leonora. On his going up stairs, I heard a loud peal of laughter above, and soon after he returned with a message, that Lady —— was sorry she was particularly engaged at present, and could not possibly see me. Think, Sir, with what astonishment I heard this message from Hortensia. I left the house, I know not whether most ashamed or angry; but afterwards I began to persuade myself, that there might be some particular reasons for Lady——'s not seeing me at that time, which she might explain

at meeting; and I imputed the terms of the message to the rudeness or simplicity of the footman. All that day, and the next, I waited impatiently for some note of explanation or enquiry from her ladyship, and was a good deal disappointed when I found the second evening arrive, without having received any such token of her remembrance. I went, rather in low spirits, to the play. I had not been long in the house, when I saw Lady —— enter the next box. My heart fluttered at the sight; and I watched her eyes, that I might take the first opportunity of presenting myself to her notice. I saw them, soon after, turned towards me, and immediately curtsied, with a significant smile, to my noble friend, who, being short-sighted, it would seem, which, however, I had never remarked before, stared at me for some moments, without taking notice of my salute, and at last was just putting up a glass to her eye, to point it at me,

[illegible]

[illegible] "Why, yes," said she, "Miss Homespun, I am always extreme-ly hurried in town, and have time to receive only a very few visits; but I will be glad if you will come some morning and breakfast with me—but not to-morrow, for there is a morning concert; nor next day, for I have a musical party at home.

In short, you may come some morning next week, when the hurry will be over; and, if I am not gone out of town, I will be happy to see you." I don't know what answer I should have made; but she did not give me an opportunity; for a gentleman in a green uniform coming into the box, she immediately made room for him to sit between us. He, after a broad stare full in my face, turned his back my way, and sat in that posture all the rest of the evening.

I am not so silly, Mr Mirror, but I can understand the meaning of all this. My lady, it seems, is contented to have some humble friends in the country, whom she does not think worthy of her notice in town; but I am determined to shew her, that I have a prouder spirit than she imagines, and shall not go near her, either in town or country. What is more, my father shan't vote for her friend at next election, if I can help it.

What vexes me beyond every thing else, is, that I had been often telling my aunt and her daughters of the intimate footing I was on with Lady ——, and what a violent friendship we had for each other; and so, from envy, perhaps, they used to nick-name me the Countess, and Lady Leonora. Now that they have got this story of the mantua-maker and the play-house, (for I was so angry I could not conceal it,) I am ashamed to hear the name of a lady of quality mentioned, even if it be only in a book from the circulating library. Do write a paper, Sir, against pride and haughtiness, and people forgetting their country friends and acquaintance, and you will very much oblige

Yours, &c.

ELIZABETH HOMESPUN.

P. S. My uncle's partner, the young gentleman I mentioned above, takes my part when my cousins joke upon intima-

cies with great folks; I think he is a much genteeler and better bred man than I took him for at first.

No. 34. SATURDAY, *July* 31, 1779.

Among the letters of my correspondents, I have been favoured with several containing observations on the conduct and success of my paper. Of these, some recommend subjects of criticism as of a kind that has been extremely popular in similar periodical publications, and on which, according to them, I have dwelt too little. Others complain, that the critical papers I have published were written in a style and manner too abstruse and technical for the bulk of my readers; and desire me to remember, that, in a performance addressed to the world, only the language of the world should be used.

I was last night in a company where a piece of conversation-criticism took place, which, as the speakers were well-bred per-

sons of both sexes, was necessarily of the familiar kind. As an endeavour, therefore, to please both the above-mentioned correspondents, I shall set down, as nearly as I can recollect, the discourse of the company. It turned on the tragedy of Zara, at the representation of which all of them had been present a few evenings ago.

"It is remarkable," said Mr ——, "what an æra of improvement in the French drama may be marked from the writings of M. de Voltaire. The cold and tedious declamation of the former French tragedians he had taste enough to see was not the language of passion, and genius enough to execute his pieces in a different manner. He retained the eloquence of Corneille, and the tenderness of Racine; but he never suffered the first to swell into bombast, nor the other to sink into languor. He accompanied them with the force and energy of our Shakespeare,

[illegible]

unjust when, not satisfied with pointing out blemishes in Shakespeare, he censured a whole nation as barbarous for admiring his works. He must, himself, have felt the excellence of a poet, whom, in this very tragedy of Zara, he has not disdained to imitate, and to imitate very closely too. The speech of Orasmane, (or Osman, as the English translation calls him,) beginning,

J'aurais d'un oeil serene, d'une front inalterable,

is almost a literal copy of the complaint of Othello:

——————Had it rained
All sorts of curses on me, &c.

which is, perhaps, the reason why our translator has omitted it."—"I do not pretend to justify Voltaire," returned Sir H———; "yet it must be remembered, in alleviation, that the French have formed a sort of national taste in their theatre,

correct, perhaps, almost to coldness. In Britain, I am afraid, we are apt to err on the other side; to mistake rhapsody for fire, and to applaud a forced metaphor for a bold one. I do not cite Dryden, Lee, or the other poets of their age; for that might be thought unfair: but, even in the present state of the English stage, is not my idea warranted by the practice of poets, and the applause of the audience? A poet of this country, who, in other passages, has often touched the tender feelings with a masterly hand, gives to the lover of one of his latest tragedies, the following speech:

> [illegible] a voice like Etna when it roars,
> [illegible] in my bosom is pent as fierce a fire,
> [illegible] to thunder.

What a man, in the fervour and hurry of composition, should set down such an idea, is nothing: that it should be pardoned by

the audience, is little; but that it should always produce a clap, is strange indeed!"

"And is there nothing like this in French tragedies?" said the lady of the house; "for there is, I think, abundance of it in some of our late imitations of them."——"Nay, in the translation of Zayre, Madam," returned the baronet, "Hill has sometimes departed from the original, to substitute a swelling and elaborate diction. He forgets the plain soldierly character of the Sultan's favourite Orasmin, when he makes him say,

> ——Silent and dark
> The unbreathing world is hush'd, as if it heard
> And listen'd to your sorrows.

The original is simple description;

Tout dort, tout est tranquille, et l'ombre de la nuit.—

And when the slave, in the 4th act, brings the fatal letter to the Sultan, and mentions the circumstances of its intercep-

[illegible]

single line uttered by Lusignan, at the close of his description of the massacre of his wife and children,

Helas ! et j'etais pere, et je ne pus mourir,

moves me more than a thousand sentiments, how just or eloquent soever."

"If we think of the noblest use of tragedy," said Mrs ——, "we shall, perhaps, Sir, not be quite of your opinion. I, who am a mother, wish my children to learn some other virtues, beside compassion, at a play; it is certainly of greater consequence to improve the mind than to melt it."——"I am sure, Mamma," said a young lady, her daughter, "the sentiments of tragedy affect me as much as the most piteous description. When I hear an exalted sentiment, I feel my heart, as it were, swell in my bosom, and it is always followed by a gush of tears from my eyes." —"You tell us the effects of your feelings, child; but you don't distinguish

the feelings themselves.—I would have, gentlemen," continued she, "a play to be virtuous in its sentiments, and also natural in its events. The want of the latter quality, as well as of the former, has a bad effect on young persons; it leads them to suppose, that such a conduct is natural and allowable in common life, and encourages that romantic deception which is bred and to grow up in minds of sensibility. Don't you think, that the sudden conversion of Zara to Christianity, unsupported by argument, or conviction of its truth, is highly unnatural, and may have such a tendency as I have mentioned?"

—"I confess," said Mr ——, "that has always appeared to me an exceptionable passage."—"I do not believe, Mamma," said the young lady, "that she was really converted in opinion; but I don't wonder at her crying out she was a Christian, when such a speech as that of her father [illegible] I know my heart was so wrung

with the scene, that I could, at that moment, have almost become Mahometan, to have comforted the good old man."—Her mother smiled; for this was exactly a confirmation of her remark.

"Voltaire," said Sir H——, "has, like many other authors, introduced a dark scene into the last act of this tragedy; yet it appears to me, that such a scene goes beyond the power of stage-deception, and always hurts the piece. We cannot possibly suppose, that two persons walking upon the same board do not see each other, while we, sitting in a distant part of the house, see both perfectly well."—"I do recollect," said the young lady, "at first, wondering how Zara could fail to see Osman; but I soon forgot it."—"Thus it always is," replied Mr M——, "in such a case; if a poet has eloquence or genius enough to command the passions, he easily gets the better of those stage improbabilities. In truth, the scenic deception is

of a very singular nature. It is impossible we should imagine ourselves spectators of the real scene, of which the stage one is an imitation; the utmost length we are, in reality, carried, is to deliver over our minds to that sympathy, which a proper and striking representation of grief, rage, or any other passion, produces. You destroy the deception, it is said, when any thing impertinent or ludicrous happens on the stage, or among the audience; but you will find the very same effect, if a child blows his three-halfpenny trumpet, in the midst of a solo of Fischer, or a song of Rauzzini; it stops the delightful current of feeling which was carrying along the soul at the time, and dissatisfaction and pain are the immediate consequence; yet in the solo or the song, no such deception as the theatrical is pretended."— Mr —— delivered this with the manner of one who had studied the subject, and modestly ventured to answer him.

"You were mentioning," said Mrs ——, "Voltaire's imitation of Othello, in this tragedy; I recollect, in the last act, a very strong instance of it, the concluding speech of Osman, before he stabs himself, which seems to be exactly taken from that of the Moor, in a similar situation." "I remember both speeches well," said Sir H——, "and I think it may be disputed, whether either of them be congenial to the situation." "You will excuse me, Sir H——," said I, "if I hold them both perfectly in nature. The calmness of desperate and irremediable grief will give vent to a speech longer and more methodical than the immediate anguish of some less deep and irretrievable calamity. Shakespeare makes Othello refer, in the instant of stabbing himself, to a story of his killing a Turk in Aleppo; the moment of perturbation, when such a passage would have been unnatural, is past; the act of killing himself is then a matter

of little importance; and his reference to a story seemingly indifferent, marks, in my opinion, most forcibly and naturally, the deep and settled horror on Othello's soul. I prefer it to the concluding lines of the Sultan's speech in Zara, which rest on the story of his own misfortune:

> Tell 'em, I plunged my dagger in her breast;
> Tell 'em, I so adored, and thus revenged her."

"You have talked a great deal of the author," said the young lady, "but nothing of the actors. Was not the part of Zara excellently performed?" "Admirably, indeed," replied Mr ——; "I know no actress who possesses the power of speaking poetry beyond Miss Younge." "Nor of feeling it neither, Sir, I think." "I did not mean to deny her that quality; but, in the other, I think she is unrivalled. She does not reach, perhaps, the impassioned burst, the electric flash of Mrs Barry; nor has she that deep and

thrilling note of horror with which Mrs Yates benumbs an audience; but there is a melting tremble in her voice, which, in tender passages, is inimitably beautiful and affecting. Were I a poet, I should prefer her speaking of my lines to that of any actress I ever heard."

"She owes, I believe," said our Frenchman, "much of her present excellence to her study of the French stage. I mean not to detract from her merit: I certainly allow her more, when I say, that her excellence is, in great part, of her own acquirement, than some of her ill-judging admirers, who ascribe it all to nature. Our actors, indeed, are rarely sensible how much study and application is due to their profession; people may be spouters without culture; but laborious education alone can make perfect actors. Feeling, and the imitative sympathy of passion, are, undoubtedly, derived from nature; but art alone

can bestow that grace, that refined expression, without which feeling will often be awkward, and passion ridiculous."

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR, Edinburgh, July 23, 1779.

I AM confined, by the occupations of a laborious employment, to a constant residence in town. During the summer and autumn, however, I sometimes can afford a day, which I wish to spend in a jaunt to the country. I lived in the country, Sir, in my earlier days; and whenever I hear a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river mentioned, I always think of peace, of happiness, and innocence.

This season I have had a friend in town, who being an idle man, is a great maker of parties. Among others, he contrives to get people together of a Saturday or a Sunday, to go and dine in the country, which he says, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, affords some of the most beau-

tiful and romantic scenes he ever saw. Last Saturday I was asked to join in one of his parties of this sort; to which, being a lover of rural scenes, as I have mentioned before, I readily consented.

My friend had the ordering of every thing on our expedition. The carriages he had bespoke did not arrive at the place of meeting till near an hour after the time appointed; and, when they did come, we had another hour to wait for our conductor, who having sat up at a town-party till five that morning, was not willing to be disturbed till mid-day.

We arrived at the place of our destination betwixt two and three. I immediately proposed a walk, to enjoy the beauty of the fields, and the purity of the air; but my proposal was overruled, from the consideration of the near approach of dinner; some of the company likewise observing, that the evening was the properest time for walking in this hot weather.

Meantime, a cup was called for, which, in the same hot weather, was pronounced vastly pleasant, and my friend declared was more refreshing to him than the purest air under heaven.

Dinner was soon after brought in, which consisted of a profusion of meat, ill drest, and served up in a slovenly stile. This, however, was a country-dinner, and people were not to be nice in the country. So we sat, enjoying the pleasures of the country, amidst the steams of greasy broth, rusty ham, and stinking mutton: our ears delighted with the jingle of bells, and the hallooing of guests in the staircase, which were very ineffectually answered by the bustle of an awkward waiter, and a fat hoyden of a chambermaid.

When the table-cloth was removed, our conductor, who said he found himself much the better for his dinner, called for the landlord, and desired him to

send in a particular sort of wine, the flavour of which he highly commended. An old proverbial recipe was cited to him, by a red-faced gentleman at the bottom of the table, which signifies, that a man should drink a bottle to-day, as a cure for the effects of two or three drank yesterday. 'Twas a prescription very much suited to the inclination of my friend, who declared, after having drank a bottle of it, that he never was better in all his life. Nobody mentioned the evening being a proper time for walking; so we sat till our carriages were at the door, and till we dispatched four last bottles after their arrival. The post boys, whose patience needed some cordial to maintain it, were busy in their way below; so that, when at last we got into the chaises, they were as drunk——as drunk as we were. The carriage in which another gentleman and I were placed was overturned about a mile from town; I esca-

ped with a sprained ancle; but my friend had his collar-bone broke.

Now, Mr Mirror, I incline to think, that a man may find a bad dinner, and get drunk after it, just as well in town as in the country; and, in the first case, he will have the advantage of saving his bones, the chaise-hire, and the tax upon post-horses.

I am, &c.

CIVIS.

No. 61. TUESDAY, *Dec.* 7, 1779.

DURING the late intermission of my labours, I paid a visit of some weeks to my friend Mr Umphraville, whose benevolence and worth never fail to give me the highest pleasure; a pleasure not lessened, perhaps, by those little singularities of sentiment and manner, which, in some former papers, I have described that gentleman as possessing. At his house in the country, these appear to the greatest advantage; there they have room to shoot out at will; and, like the old yew-trees in his garden, though they do look a little odd, and now and then tempt one to smile, yet the most eccentric of them all have something venerable about them.

Some of my friend's peculiarities may

not only be discovered in his manner and his discourse, but may be traced in his house and furniture, his garden and grounds. In his house are large rooms lighted by small Gothic windows, and accessible only by dark narrow stair-cases; they are fitted up with old arras, and have ceilings loaded with the massy compartments of the last age, where the heads of bearded sages and laurelled emperors look grim and terrible through the cobwebs that surround them. In his grounds you find stiff, rectangular walks, and straight, narrow avenues. In his garden the yews and hollies still retain their primeval figures; lions and unicorns guard the corners of his parterres, and a spread-eagle, of a remarkable growth, has his wings clipped, and his talons pared, the first Monday of every month during spring and summer.

The contempt in which, to a somewhat unreasonable degree, he holds modern re-

finement, has led him to continue these antiquated particulars about him. The India-paper of some of his fashionable neighbours' drawing-rooms, has enhanced the value of his arras; his dusky Gothic windows have been contrasted to great advantage, with their Bows and Venetians; their open lawns have driven him to the gloom of his avenues; and the zig-zag twist of their walks has endeared to him the long, dull line of his hedged terraces. As he holds, however, some good old political tenets, and thinks, as I have often heard him express himself, that every country can afford a king for itself, he had almost submitted to the modern plan of gardening a few years ago, on being put in mind, that the fashion of hedges and terraces was brought in by King William.

But, exclusive of all those motives, on which his sister and I sometimes rally him, my friend, from the warmth of his heart, and the sensibility of his feelings, has a

strong attachment to all the ancient occupiers of his house and grounds, whether they be of the human or the brute, the animate or inanimate creation. His tenants are, mostly, coeval with himself; his servants have been either in his family, or on his estate, from their infancy; an old pointer, and an old house-dog, generally meet him in the lobby; and there is a flea-bitten horse, who, for several years, has been past riding, to whom he has devoted the grass of his orchard, and a manger of good hay during the severity of winter. A withered stump, which, I observed, greatly incommoded the entry to his house, he would not suffer to be cut down, because it had the names of himself and some of his school-companions cyphered on its bark; and a divorce from his leathern elbow-chair, patched and tattered as it is, would, I am persuaded, be one of the most serious calamities that could befal him.

[illegible] understood by
[illegible] or the plea-
[illegible] extinguished it.
[illegible] which we own to every
[illegible] been acquainted with,
[illegible] propensities the mind
[illegible] if it has not lost
[illegible] the variety of its en-
[illegible] of its pursuits.
[illegible] of past hours
[illegible] amidst which they
[illegible] gives us back the
[illegible] the sentiments of
[illegible] gives us back their
[illegible] griefs without
[illegible] equally from
[illegible] which men who
[illegible] like Umphra-
[illegible] circumstances
But, [illegible] it, will be
which [illegible] —Above all
my [illegible] the years
and the [illegible] tender ef-

fect upon the heart: they present to us afresh the blissful illusions of life, when gaiety was on the wing undamped by care, and hope smiled before us unchecked by disappointment. The distance of the scene adds to our idea of its felicity, and increases the tenderness of its recollection; 'tis like the view of a landscape by moon-shine; the distinctness of object is lost, but a mellow kind of dimness softens and unites the whole.

From the same sort of feeling has the idea of home its attraction. For, though one's interest there will undoubtedly be heightened by the relation to persons, yet there is, exclusive of that connection altogether, a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the house, the room in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He must be a very dull, or a very dissipated man, who, after a month's absence, can open his own door without emotion, even though he

has no relation or friend to welcome him within. For my part, I feel this strongly; and many an evening, when I have shut the door of my little parlour, trimmed the fire, and swept the hearth, I sit down with the feelings of a friend for every chair and table in the room.

There is, perhaps, a degree of melancholy in all this; the French, who are a lively people, have, I think, no term that answers to our substantive *home*; but it is not the melancholy of a sour unsocial being; on the contrary, I believe, there will always be found a tone of benevolence in it both to ourselves and others;—I say ourselves, because I hold the sensation of peace and friendship with our own minds to be one of the best preparatives, as well as one of the best rewards, of virtue.

Nor has Nature given us this propensity in vain. From this the principle of patriotism has its earliest source, and

some of those ties are formed, which link the inhabitants of less favoured regions to the heaths and mountains of their native land. In cultivated society, this sentiment of home cherishes the useful virtues of dometic life; it opposes, to the tumultuous pleasures of dissipation and intemperance, the quiet enjoyments of sobriety, œconomy, and family affection; qualities which, though not attractive of much applause or admiration, are equally conducive to the advantage of the individual, and the welfare of the community.

No. 64. SATURDAY, *December* 18, 1779.

Populumque falsis
Dedocet
Uti vocibus. HOR.

THE science of manners, for manners are a science, cannot easily be reduced to that simplicity in its elements of which others admit. Among other particulars, the terms employed in it are not, like those of arithmetic, mathematics, algebra, or astronomy, perfectly and accurately defined. Its subjects are so fleeting, and marked with shades so delicate, that wherever a general denomination is ventured, there is the greatest hazard of its being misapplied, or misunderstood.

In a former paper I endeavoured to

analyse the term, *A Man of Fashion*; in this I am enabled, by an ingenious correspondent, to trace the meaning of another phrase, to wit, *Good Company*, which, as it is nearly connected with the former, is, I believe, as doubtful in its signification. The following letter is a practical treatise on the subject, which I shall lay before my readers in the precise terms in which I received it.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM at that time of life when education, formerly confined to the study of books, begins to extend itself to the study of men. Having lately arrived in town, I was anxious to be introduced into good company of every rank and denomination; and, in virtue of some family-connections, assisted by the kindness of some college-friends and acquaintances, I flat-

tered myself I should succeed in my purpose.

My strong bent for letters induced me first to procure an introduction into the good company of the learned; and I went to a dinner where several of the literati were to be assembled, full of the hopes of having my mind enlightened with knowledge, expanded with sentiment, and charmed with the atticism of elegant conversation.

During our meal, there was a more absolute suspension of discourse, than I expected in a society of spirits so refined as those with whom I was associated. The ordinary functions of eating and drinking made no part of my idea of a learned man; and I could observe in my fellow-guests an attention to the dishes before them, which I thought did not quite correspond with the dignity of that character. This, however, was but a small de-

viation from my picture, and I passed it over as well as I could, in expectation of that mental feast with which I was to be regaled when the table should be uncovered.

Accordingly, when the cloth was removed, the conversation, which I expected with so much impatience, began. I had too humble an opinion of myself to take any other part than that of a hearer; but I very soon discovered, that I was the only person in the company who had an inclination to listen. Every one seemed impatient of his neighbour's speech, and eager to have an opportunity of introducing his own. You, I think, Mr Mirror, have compared conversation to a favourite dish at an entertainment; here it was carried on like a dinner at one of those hungry ordinaries, where Quin used wittily to call for a basket-hilted sword to help himself with: in a short time, every one, except your correspondent, endea-

voured to secure it to himself, by making it a dish which nobody else could taste. An old gentleman, at the head of the table, introduced a German treatise, written by a man whose name I could neither pronounce nor remember, which none of the rest of the company had seen. Another, taking advantage of a fit of coughing with which he was seized, brought us upon a philosophical enquiry into the properties of heat, and a long account of some experiments he had lately witnessed on that subject. Being unfortunately asked for his toast, and pausing a moment to deliberate on it, he was supplanted by my right-hand neighbour, who suddenly transported us into the country of Thibet, and seemed to have a very intimate acquaintance with the Delai Lama. One of the company, who sat opposite to him, thrust in, by mere dint of vociferation, "Travels through the interior parts of America," just then pub-

lished, and sailed over the lakes in triumph; till happening to mention a particular way in which the Indians dress a certain fish, the discourse was, at last, laid open to every body present on the subject of cookery: whence it naturally fell into a discussion of the comparative excellence of different wines; on which topics the conversation rested with so much emphasis, that a stranger, who had overheard it, would have been led to imagine this *symposium*, into which I had procured admission with so much eagerness, to be a society of cooks and butlers, met to improve each other in their several callings.

I next procured an introduction into the very best company; that is, I contrived to become a guest at a table of high fashion, where an entertainment was given to some of the greatest men in this country. The ambition natural to my age and complexion, prompted me to

desire this honour; which, however, I purchased at the price of a good deal of embarrassment and uneasiness. Nothing, indeed, but the high honour conferred by such society, could compensate for the feelings even of that minute, in which a man, not used to the company of the great, ascends from the lowest step of a wide echoing stair-case, to the door of a great man's drawing-room. Through this, however, and several other little disquietudes, did I pass, in hopes of finding, in the discourse of those elevated persons, that highly polished elegance, that interesting information, and those extensive views of polity and government, which their rank had afforded so many opportunities of acquiring.

Not only during the time of dinner, (as in my last company,) but for a considerable time after, the scene was silent and solemn; this, while it added to my confusion, increased my expectations. Con-

versation at last began; it was carried on in a manner exactly the reverse of that in my former visit. There nobody was disposed to listen; here few seemed inclined to speak; for in this assembly I could perceive there were two or three very great men, to whom the great men were little, and the proud were mean. The last, therefore, hardly spoke at all, except to applaud the observations or anecdotes delivered by the very great men; in which, had they not been delivered by the very great men, I should have discovered no uncommon sagacity or exquisite entertainment. One who seemed to be at the top of this climax of greatness, began a story of a pretty old date, in which he introduced, at dinner in the house of the then minister, almost all the orators and wits of the time. Though, from the anecdotes to which I had already listened, my ears were now familiarized with the sounds of duke, marquis, earl, and ambassador;

yet, from the history of this illustrious assemblage, still conceived very eager expectation: but, after being led through twenty episodes, all tending to shew the connection of the noble relator with many other right honourable personages, the conclusion proved to be nothing more than a joke upon a country member of parliament, who asked to be helped to a bit of goose, when, in fact, the dish was a swan, which it seems was a favourite bird at the minister's table; and some conceit about not knowing a swan from a goose, and all the minister's geese being swans, was the point of the story; at which all the company laughed very loud and very long; but the little men, all except myself, infinitely the loudest and the longest.

I began now to think that the charms of convivial and ordinary conversation were not, perhaps, to be expected among men, whose learning, or importance in

the state, made it unnecessary for them to cultivate the lesser accomplishments of life; and that I must look for them in the company of the gay, whose minds, unbent from serious and important occupations, had leisure to sport themselves in the regions of wit and humour, and to communicate the liveliness of their fancy to the society around them. I found it no difficult matter to be admitted to a party of this kind; I was introduced, at a public place, to a gentleman, who, I was told, was a man of fashion, and of the world, and was by him invited to a *petit souper*, where I understood I should meet with some of the liveliest and most entertaining companions of both sexes.

Of the conversation at this house I would give an account if I were able; but so many talked at once, so various and desultory were the subjects on which they talked, and so unintelligibly fashionable were many of the phrases which

they used, that I am altogether unqualified to abridge or analise it. I find, Sir, there is a jargon among people of fashion, as well as among the schoolmen they deride, and that it requires initiation into the mysteries of the one, as well as of the other, to be able to comprehend or to relish their discourse. Conversation, however, was soon put an end to by the introduction of cards, when I found a perfect equality of understanding and of importance. At length supper was announced at a very late hour, and with it entered a gentleman, who, I was informed, possessed an infinite fund of humour, and for whose appearance I had been made to look, for some time, with impatience.

The superiority of his talents for conversation seemed, indeed, to be acknowledged; for he was allowed to talk almost unceasingly, with very little interruption from any other person. After a few

glasses, he was prevailed on to sing one very innocent song; a few more emboldened him to sing another a little more free; and, just before the second bottle was called for, he took off a methodist preacher with great applause.

The ladies now retired. I had fancied that in the companies of the two former days, the want of their society had deprived us of the ease and gaiety of discourse. But here the removal of the female members of the party seemed to have a contrary effect, from what my conclusion would have warranted. I discovered a smile of satisfaction in the countenances of most of the guests when the ladies were gone. Several of them, who had not uttered a syllable before, were eloquent now, though, indeed the subject was neither abstruse nor delicate. The wit was called on for another song, and he gave us one perfectly masculine. This was followed by several jocular sto-

ries, and burlesque exhibitions, most of which were in perfect unison with that tone, which the absence of the ladies had allowed the company to assume. The jests were not such as I can repeat; one fancy, however, I recollect, of which, I think, a better use may be made than its author intended. "Suppose," said he, "our words left their marks on the walls, like claret spilt on a smooth table, how confounded the women would look when they next entered the room!" For my part, I have so much reverence for a woman of honour, as to hold sacred even the place she has occupied, and cannot easily bear its immediate profanation by obscenity. I therefore took the first opportunity of withdrawing, which I was the more willing to do, as I found our wit possessed, in truth, only a chime of buffoonery, which, when he had rung out, he was forced to substitute the bottle in its place, the last joke he uttered being a

reproof to our landlord for not pushing it about.

Now, Mr Mirror, I must beg of you, or some of your well-instructed correspondents, to inform me, if in all, or any of those three societies, I was really and truly in good company; as I confess I have entertained some doubts of their deserving that name. These, however, are probably the effects of ignorance, and a bookish education, in which I am very willing to be corrected from proper authority.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

No. 72. SATURDAY, *January* 15, 1780.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

VIRG.

THE consideration of death has been always made use of, by the moralist and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to sink the estimation of its pleasures, and, if they could not strip the seductions of vice of their present enjoyment, at least to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a similar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and persuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have advised us to pluck the roses which would otherwise soon wither of themselves, to seize the moments which we could not

long command, and, since time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily consist of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controlled or endeared by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the Anchorite, and the cloister of the Monk, have their business and their pleasures; for study may become business, and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing

of the insignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to shew the wisdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wise and benign, in this particular of our constitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use. There is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only better, but more delightful, to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom

of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored: I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less: with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue

was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery-pictures which

strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses; I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending

over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment. He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, and piety, and

resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleness and hope!

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like these, the gloom of the ascetic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy.—There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

It is not from a melancholy of this sort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkish solitude. These are often the effects rather of passion secluded than repressed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The crucifix and the rosary, the death's head and the bones,

if custom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill desire than excite virtue; but, amidst the warmth of social affection, and of social sympathy, the heart will feel the weakness, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps it will be said, that such situations, and such reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be disregarded by those who need the lessons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the resistance of prejudice. I will not pretend to assert, that rooted principles, and long-established conduct, are suddenly to be changed by the effects of situation, or the eloquence of sentiment; but if it be granted that such change ever took place, who shall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impression, it was first begun? And, even if the influence of such a call to thought can only smother, in its birth,

one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life.

No. 78. SATURDAY, *February 5*, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

THE praises of friendship, and descriptions of the happiness arising from it, I remember to have met with in almost every book and poem since first I could read. I was never much addicted to reading; and, in this instance, I think, I have little reason to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience, I know not; but, in mine, this same virtue of friendship has tended very little to my happiness; on the contrary, sir, when I tell you my situation, you will find that I am almost ruined by my friends.

From my earliest days I was reckoned one of the best-natured fellows in the world; and at school, though I must confess I did not acquire so much learning as many of my companions, yet even there I was remarkable for the acquisition of friends. Even there, too, I acquired them at some expence; I was flogged, I dare say, an hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to peach; my companions were generous fellows too; but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generosity was on the losing side of the adventure.

I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in possession of a very considerable estate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I soon took the opportunity, which this presented me, of leaving the university, and entering upon the world. I put myself under the tuition of one of my companions, who generally

spent the vacations, and indeed some of the terms too, in London; and took up my residence in that city. There I needed not that propensity which I have told you I always possessed, to acquire a multitude of friends; I found myself surrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-house about town. But I soon experienced, that though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Besides a considerable mortgage on my estate, of which one of my best friends contrived to possess himself, I was obliged to expose my life in a couple of duels, and had very near lost it by disease, in that course of friendship which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a social sacrifice to others than a gratification to myself. Naturally rather of a sober disposition, I found more frequently disgust than pleasure amidst those scenes of dissipation in which I was engaged. I was often obliged to roar out a catch expres-

sive of our happiness, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would almost have exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-slave; and to bellow for a bumper, when I would as soon have swallowed the bitterest drug in the shop of my apothecary.

From this sort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myself by matrimony. I married the sister of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtless like myself, with whom I soon after retired into the country, and set out upon what we thought a sober, well-regulated plan. The situation was so distant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former town-companions; provisions were cheap, and servants faithful; in short, every thing so circumstanced, that we made no doubt of living considerably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy as prudent. By the improvement of my estate, I was to be equally

amused and enriched; my skill in sportsmanship (for I had acquired that science to great perfection at the university) was to procure vigour to my constitution, and dainties to my table; and, against the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent neighbourhood.

The last-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for friend-making has indeed extended the limits of neighbourhood a good deal farther than the word is commonly understood to reach. The parish, which is not a small one,—the country, which is proportionally extensive, comes all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us; and my neighbour Goostry, who pays me an annual sporting visit of several weeks, lives at least fifty miles off.

Some of those neighbours, who always become friends at my house, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertain-

ment with their advice as to the cultivation of my farm, or the management of my estate; but I have generally found their counsel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end. Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants, seldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman, in particular, was so much penetrated by my kindness and hospitality, that he generously communicated to me a project he had formed, which he shewed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very short time, and offered me an equal share in the profits, upon my advancing the sum of five hundred pounds, to enable him to put his plan more speedily into execution. But about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miscarried, and that my five hundred pounds were lost in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almost

the only one of my friends, who, after having been once at my house, does not chuse to frequent it again.

My wife is not a whit less happy in acquiring friends than myself. Besides all her relations, of whom (for I chose a woman of family) she has a very great number, every lady she meets at visits, at church, or at the yearly races in our county-town, is so instantaneously charmed with her manners and conversation, that she finds it impossible to leave our part of the country, without doing herself the pleasure of waiting on Mrs Hearty at her own house. Mrs Hearty's friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After such visits, I generally find some improvement in the furniture of my house, the dress of my wife, or the livery of my servants.

The attentions of our friends are sometimes carried farther than mere words or visits of compliment; yet, even then,

unfortunately, their favours are just so many taxes upon us. When I receive a present of a delicate salmon, or a nice haunch of venison, it is but a signal for all my good neighbours to come and eat at my expence; and some time ago, when a nephew of my wife, settled abroad, sent me an hogshead of excellent claret, it cost me, in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchased a tun from the wine-merchant.

After so many instances in which my friendships were hurtful to my fortune, I wished to hit on the way of making some of them beneficial to it. For this purpose, my wife and I have, for a good while past, been employed in looking out for some snug office, or reversion, to which my interest with several powerful friends might recommend me. But, somehow or other, our expectations have been always disappointed; not from any

want of inclination in our friends to serve us, as we have been repeatedly assured, but from various unforeseen accidents, to which expectations of that sort are particularly liable. In the course of these solicitations, I was led to engage in the political interests of a gentleman, on whose influence I built the strongest hopes of success in my own schemes; and I flattered myself, that, from the friendly footing on which I stood with my neighbours I might be of considerable service to him. This, indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in the mean time, it kept my table open to all his friends, as well as my own, and cost me, besides, a head-ach twice a week during the whole period of the canvas.

In short, Mr Mirror, I find I can afford to keep myself in friends no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my

resolution as speedily as possible. Be so good, therefore as inform such of them as read your paper, that I have shut my gates, locked my cellar, turned off my cook, disposed of my dogs, forgot my acquaintance, and am resolved henceforward, let people say of me what they will, to be no one's friend but my own.

I am, &c.

JOHN HEARTY.

No. 80. SATURDAY, *February* 12, 1780.

——— *Ex fumo dare lucem*
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
HOR.

AUTHORS have been divided into two classes, the instructive and the entertaining; to which has been added a third, who mix, according to Horace, the *utile dulci*, and are, in his opinion, entitled to the highest degree of applause.

Readers complain, that in none of these departments is there, in modern writing, much pretension to originality. In science, they say, so much has been already discovered, that all a modern writer has left, is, to explain and enforce the systems of our predecessors; and, in literature, our fathers have so exhausted the acuteness of reasoning, the flashes of wit, the luxuriance of description, and the invention

incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not object, to his picture; new language, not situation, to his story.

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one class of writers to whom the charge of triteness does, I apprehend, very little apply. They are generally of the first species mentioned above, who publish useful information to mankind; yet in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of science, when every field was open to the researches of industry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to, are the authors of those little essays which appear in the learned world under the title of "Advertisements."

The necessary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the class of authors whom I describe. In both, I will venture to assert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their usefulness.

It was formerly imagined, that disease was an evil which mankind had inherited as a punishment for the lapse of their progenitor. Milton has given, in his Paradise Lost, a catalogue of some of those tormenting maladies which were to be felt by the race of fallen Adam. So has Dr Dominiceti in an advertisement, which is now lying before me; but, with the most extraordinary force of original discovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of those disorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleasure, and even luxury. "I engage," says the doctor, "with pleasure, and even luxury, to the patient, to increase or diminish the vital heat, and the circulatory, secretory, and excretory functions; to soften

and relax the too hard and dry muscular and nervous fibres, and contracted ligaments; and to harden and make compact, and give the proper tone and elasticity to the too moist and flabby muscular and nervous fibres and relaxed sinews, and provide and establish an equilibrium between the fluids and vessels; to sweeten acrid, corrosive, and saline humours; and to cure the dropsy, asthma, consumptions, colic, gravel, rheumatism, palsy, pleurisy, and fevers, stone and gout, scurvy, and leprosy; to mollify and destroy inveterate callosities, to deterge and cure obstinate ulcers, &c.

"These are not the representations of a quack's bill; I detest the arts of quackery as much as any man living. I deal not in nostrums or mysteries, or magic or expedient, to captivate;

"Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo."

If he who invented one new pleasure

was formerly thought entitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the doctor deserve, who has added as many luxuries to the list, as there are diseases in the catalogues of nosology?

Scotland, though not remarkable in this department of literature, has the honour of producing an author, who, in an advertisement published not long ago, has added to the stores of natural history the following very curious facts with regard to the properties of air and heat. Mr Fair, mason, opposite to the White Hart Inn, Grass-market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himself on the subject of pneumatics: "Air and smoke," says he, "are two elastic fluids, capable of being condensed and expanded. Heat, or the fire in the grate, expands the air. Being expanded, it becomes lighter. And, as it is in nature for light matter to swim to the top of heavier, it rises up the vent, carrying the smoke along with it. This

is the principle by which fire burns, and smoke ascends. Now, that the particles of air may be brought above the fire, that they may be heated to expand and carry off the smoke, should be the chief care of a mason in finishing of the fire-places. On the contrary, it is the cause of smoke.

"The other cause of smoke is the wind. Wind is a current of air always rushing into voids. At the same time it goes forward, by the law of gravity, it has a tendency to press downwards. Now, when it blows over any one object higher than the chimney-top, gravity brings it downward, pressing the smoke before it."

It will be observed, that, like many other great theorists, Mr Fair uses a language in some places a little obscure; and that in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to press downwards, his expression borders on the jocular; a liberty in which some of the greatest philosophers have frequently indulged.

These discoveries, however new and astonishing, are not supernatural. But I have just now read an advertisement, which carries its information beyond the bounds of space and time: and, though the modesty of its author allows that she has borrowed something from the Eastern Magi, may fairly be deemed an original. "Mrs Corbyn, at No. 41, Stanhope-street, Clare-market, London, by the genuine rules of the astronomical arcana, for which the wise men of the East were so noted, undertakes to answer all legal astrological questions, in a most surprising manner. Continues to give the most amazing accounts of persons by sea and land. Gives attendance at the warehouse every day from ten in the morning to eight at night." The wise men of the East, and some other astrologers, might perhaps retail some predictions; but the idea of a warehouse of prophecy was, I am persuaded, reserved for Mrs Corbyn, of Clare-market.

In the ornamental department of science, has there been any thing, since the days of Medea, that could so effectually give beauty to homeliness, or restore youth to age, as the Circassian wash, or the Venetian flower-water? or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of nature more successfully than in the elastic cushion and spring curls, "which," says the advertisement, "are as natural and becoming, nay, by many thought more so, than the natural hair itself?"

Nor is the merit of those gentlemen much inferior, where they apply arts already discovered, to purposes which their inventors never dreamed of. Socrates was said to have brought down philosophy from heaven to dwell with men. I think the same eulogium may be fairly bestowed on the very ingenious artist, who has informed us in an advertisement, "That he makes leather-breeches by the rules of trigonometry."

Having thus done justice to the merit of those authors in point of substance, I proceed to shew their excellence in the composition and style of their productions. Amidst a variety of instances, I shall make choice of one, merely because it strikes my view in last night's Public Advertiser. It is the production of a very voluminous writer in this department, Mr Norton, of Golden-square.

"E. S. Gent. of Tenterden in Kent, was long afflicted with an inveterate scorbutic disorder. It first broke out in hot pimples and dry scales all over his face; then appeared in great blotches on various parts of his body, and œdematous swellings in his legs, which terminated in dreadful excoriations and fœtid ulcers. All this was attended with a total loss of appetite; and, at last, with such extreme languor and debility, that the poor gentleman was utterly despaired of by several of the most eminent of the faculty

who attended him: till, at last, by the providential discovery in the newspapers of the efficacy of Maredant's drops, by taking a few bottles of them, all the above terrible symptoms began gradually to disappear, his appetite returned, his complexion regained its pristine bloom, his skin became as smooth as that of a newborn babe, and his flesh recovered the soundness and elasticity of the most vigorous habit. He has ever since been perfectly stout, hale, and active, and has had three children born to him, all thriving and healthy."

This may be considered as a sort of tragi-comic recital, and, if examined by the rules of Aristotle, will be found to contain all the requisites of the best dramatic composition. Here is a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning the breaking out of Mr S.'s disorder; the middle, the progress of the disease; the

end, its perfect cure. Here too, in some sort, is the Αγνωρισις, and here evidently the Περιπετια, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the Αγνωρισις, the providential discovery of Maredant's drops; the Περιπετια, the change of situation from pimples and scales to a blooming complexion, from blotches and ulcers to smoothness of skin and soundness of flesh, from extreme debility and languor, to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this class of writers less remarkable for adaptation of style than for correctness of composition. The advertisement above recited of Dr Dominiceti, and the daily performances of Messrs Christie and Ansell, shew to what elevation they can raise it, when the subject requires elevation. On the other hand, where shall we find more truly characteristic simplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? "Wanted, by a single

gentleman-tailor a servant-maid, to act as house-keeper and cook, where a girl is kept to attend and wait upon the master. None need apply who will pretend to manage the kitchen fire without his directions, as he understands the management of coal-fires, which few servants in this town do. As he commonly dines out of a Sunday, he expects his servants to go to church, instead of cooking dainties to themselves, such as shoulders of veal stuffed, &c.; as, though he is a single man, he is very well instructed by a neighbour how to manage his family. Apply next door to the steps, Panton Square."

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the class of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love of science, or the desire of fame, but from motives merely interested and selfish. But a little acquaintance with many of their produc-

tions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr Speediman, in spite of his natural modesty, to address the public in an advertisement? "Mr Speediman would be unjust to the public if he any longer delayed acquainting them of the virtues of his stomach pills." Are there not daily advertisements of sales "far below prime cost," which continue for several years, to the evident advantage of the public, and loss of the advertiser? and does not Mr Molesworth press adventurers in the lottery to purchase his tickets and shares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn prizes?

To such men, may not the above quoted motto of the illustrious Dr Dominiceti be most deservedly applied?

"*Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere mundo;*"

which, however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked

wag of my acquaintance, translate t'other day to a company of ladies, that the doctor's fumigations "were to make himself live, and to kill all the world beside."

No. 81. TUESDAY, *February* 15, 1780.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago you inserted in your paper a letter from a lady, who subscribed herself S. M., giving an account of the hardships she has suffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midst of affluence, and then left to the support of a very slender provision. I own the situation to be a hard one; but it may, perhaps, afford her some consolation to be told, that there are others, seemingly enviable, which are yet as distressful, that derive their distresses from circumstances exactly the reverse of those in which Miss S. M. is placed.

I lost my father, a gentleman of considerable fortune, at an age so early, that his death has scarce left any traces on my mind. I can only recollect that there was something of bustle, as well as of sorrow, all over the house; that my coloured sash was changed for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink papa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my mamma being sick, and that there was a little brother born, who was much more attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer play-things, and being oftener the subject of discourse among our visitors; and that sometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nursery, Billy's maid would tell mine, that miss must wait till her betters were served.

A superiority to which I was so early accustomed, it gave me little uneasiness to bear. The vivacity natural to chil-

dren, which in me was supported by uninterrupted good health, left me no leisure to complain of a preference, by which, though my brother was distinguished, he was seldom or never made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birth-right entitled him, was often more a hardship than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with mamma, when he would have much rather been with me in the garden; he was made to repeat his lesson to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progress, while I was suffered to be playing blind-man's-buff below stairs; he was set at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toast and water, and to behave himself like a gentleman, while I was allowed to devour apple-dumplin, gulp down small-beer, and play monkey-tricks at the side-table.

That care, however, which watched his

health, was not repaid with success; he was always more delicate, and more subject to little disorders, than I; and at last, after completing his seventh year, was seized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my ancestors.

After the first transports of my mother's grief were subsided, she began to apply herself to the care of her surviving child. I was now become inheritress of her anxiety, as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amusements. Instead of going along with a set of other girls of my own age to a class for learning French, and a public writing-school, teachers were brought into the house to instruct me privately; and though I still went to a dancing-school three days in the week to practise the lessons which

I received from an eminent master at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governess, or somebody, by whose side I was stuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myself and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too considerable a person to associate with those in whose sports and amusements I had formerly been so happy to share; if at any time I ventured to mention a wish for their society, I was immediately checked by an observation of my mamma, that she believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the solitude in which my superiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother's maid, was taken into the house, whose office it was to attend me during all my hours of study or amusement, to hold the

pin-cushion while my maid was dressing me, to get lessons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at draughts, which she was never to win, and to lift the shuttlecock, which I commonly let fall; in short, she was to serve me for the practice of all that insolence, which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to assume. I feel, at this moment, Mr Mirror, the most sincere compunction for the hardships which this poor girl suffered while she was with me; hardships, from which, at last, she freed herself, by running off with a recruiting serjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her subsistence a bounty, and to account myself generous when I bestowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in perversion, the culture of my body was little less preposterous. The freedom and exercise which formerly bestowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the con-

ed, that I might catch a fine gentleman, who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried several miles in the dark to a ball at our county-town, to display myself to a lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country 'squire of a very large estate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a-hunting with a duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man had been seen to look at me. I was forced to leave the parish-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a shilling, to admit him into the next pew; my dancing-master was changed, because his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-master, an old bachelor of threescore, was dismissed, because he happened to put his hand on mine in shewing me how to manage

my crayons. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to associate was the clergyman of our parish, a very old gentleman of the most irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reason to hope. Possessed of excellent sense and great learning, the good man was at pains to teach me the use of the first, and the value of the latter. By his assistance, my mind, which before had always been either uncultivated or misled, was informed with knowledge more useful than the extent of my fortune, or the privileges of my birth. He shewed me the folly of pride, and the meanness of insolence; he taught me the respect due to merit, the tenderness to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I first learnt the dignity of condescension, the pleasures of civility, the luxury of beneficence. He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his

instructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perversion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel the weakness of my mind, than to recover its strength.

My mother did not long survive him. I had been forced to see the errors of her judgment, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to lose her assistance, when her assistance would have been more useful, and her indulgence less prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which has now devolved on me, I am perplexed with business which I do not understand, and harassed by applications which I know not how to answer. I am sometimes puzzled with schemes for improving my estate, sometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to diminish it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiousness of rich ones. I never open a letter from my steward in

the country without inconvenience; and a visit from my agent in town is to me like that of a bailiff. Amidst all these difficulties, I have no relation whom I can trust, and no friend to whom I can lean; the interest which people have in deceiving me deprives me of confidence in advice, or pleasure in approbation. In short, it is my singular misfortune to possess wealth with all the embarrassment of poverty, and power with all the dependance of inferiors.

I am, &c.

OLIVIA.

No. 84. SATURDAY, *February* 26, 1780.

Clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres. HOR.

To dispute the right of fashion to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper, who throws himself, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be supposed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the observations of some antiquated correspondents, who pretend to set up what they call the invariable notions of things, against the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the same time, I must ob-

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I received from an eminent master at home, yet I was always attended by my mother, my governess, or somebody, by whose side I was stuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myself, and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too considerable a person to associate with those in whose sports and amusements I had formerly been so happy to share; if at any time I ventured to mention a wish for their society, I was immediately checked by an observation of my mamma, that she believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the solitude in which my severity would have thus placed me, a young orphan niece of my mother's was taken into the house, whose duty was to attend me during all my hours of study or amusement, to hold the

pin-cushion while my maid was dressing me, to get lessons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at draughts, which she was never to win, and to lift the shuttlecock, which I commonly let fall; in short, she was to serve me for the practice of all that insolence, which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to assume. I feel, at this moment, Mr Mirror, the most sincere compunction for the hardships which this poor girl suffered while she was with me; hardships, from which, at last, she freed herself, by running off with a recruiting serjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her subsistence a bounty, and to account myself generous when I bestowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in perversion, the culture of my body was little less preposterous. The freedom and exercise which formerly bestowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the con-

straints of fashion, and the laziness of pride. Every shackle of dress which the daughters of any great man were understood to wear, I was immediately provided with, because I could afford it as well as they. I was never allowed the use of my limbs, because I could afford a coach; and, when attacked by the slightest disorder, immediate recourse was had to the physician, because I could afford a fee. The consequence was natural: I lost all my former spirits, as well as my former bloom; and, when I first put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale, and nerves as weak, as the finest.

I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almost solely to one object, the disposal of my person in marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the slave of my mother's hopes and fears. I was dressed, and re-dressed, squeezed and pinch-

ed, that I might catch a fine gentleman, who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried several miles in the dark to a ball at our county-town, to display myself to a lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country 'squire of a very large estate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a-hunting with a duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man had been seen to look at me. I was forced to leave the parish-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a shilling, to admit him into the next pew; my dancing-master was changed, because his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-master, an old bachelor of threescore, was dismissed, because he happened to put his hand on mine in shewing me how to manage

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serve, that, as there is a college in physic, and a faculty (as it is called in Scotland) in law; so, in fashion, there is a select body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeness, and wit in the folly, of a person of fashion, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretension.

I am afraid that our city (talking like a man who has travelled) is but a sort of mimic metropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the same licence of making a fool of itself, as London or Paris. The circle, therefore, taking them in the gross, of our fashionable people here, have seldom ventured on the same beautiful irregularity in dress, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practised by the leaders of the ton in the capitals of France or England.

With individuals, the same rule of sub-

ordination is to be observed, which, however, persons of extraordinary parts, of genius above their condition, are sometimes apt to overlook. I perceive, in the pit of the play-house, some young men, who have got fuddled in punch, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking Burgundy; and others, who have come sober from the counter, or the writing-desk, give almost as little attention to the play as the men of 3000l. a-year.—My old school acquaintance, Jack Wou'dbe, t'other morning, had a neckcloth as dirty as a lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner, for a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of the little mirror in the lid of his tooth-pick case. I take the first opportunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of Europe.

Nature and fashion are two opposite powers, that have long been at variance

with one another. The first is allowed to preside over the bulk of the people, known by the denomination of the vulgar; the last is peculiar to the higher orders of the state, and by her honours they have a title to be distinguished. Attention to interesting scenes, civility to those we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of fashion, if the inferior members of the community shall laugh where they should cry, be noisy where they should be silent, rude where they should be civil, or dirty where they should be cleanly. These are the badges of greatness, and, like certain coats armorial, are only to be borne by illustrious personages.

These are matters in which, I think, I may venture to interpose my advice or animadversion. But, as to some more delicate subjects, I am very doubtful whe-

ther they come within the limits of my jurisdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exercise it, if they did. I mean this as a general apology for not inserting a variety of letters from unknown correspondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the fashionable world, which they desire may be taken immediate notice of in the Mirror. One who writes under the signature of Rusticus, tells me, that painting is now become so common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftener than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himself of her name, he was surprised to receive a curtsy at the play or the concert. Another, who subscribes himself Modestus, desires me to imitate the example of the Tatler, by animadverting, not on the large, but the small size of the petticoat,

which, he says, has so shrunk up this winter, that there is more of the—ankle seen, than he can find countenance to look at.

To the first of these correspondents I must answer, that I think the ladies (whose number I am inclined to believe is small) who choose to dress their faces in rouge or carmine, are exempted from all censure; they certainly do it to please themselves, as they know how much it is detested by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females, who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varnish over their beauty, as virtuosi do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of Modestus, I can only account for the present shortness of the petticoat, from the attention of the ladies being so much engrossed about their heads, as to leave them no leisure to take care of the other

extremity; as generals, who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an opposite quarter defenceless.

But the most serious complaint I have received, is a letter subscribed Censor, arraigning, with true Juvenalian severity, the conduct of a certain club, which, in the words of my correspondent, "continues, in defiance of decency and good manners, to insult the public in large characters, in the front of every newspaper in town. This" he adds, "moves my indignation the more, when I consider that several of its principal members are arrived at a period of life which should teach decorum, at least, if it does not extinguish vice."

In answer to this angry correspondent, I will tell him the following story: Some years ago, I happened to be in York at the time of the assizes. Dining one day in a tavern with some gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were vio-

hardly disturbed by the noise of somebody below, who hooted and halloo'd, smacked his whip, and made his servants sound their French horns; in short, rehearsed, during the whole time of our dinner, all "the glorious tumult of the chace." Some of the company, after several ineffectual messages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very serious remonstrance with the sportsman below. But an elderly person, who sat opposite to me, pacified their resentment: "I know the gentleman who disturbs you," said he; "his head-piece was never one of the best; but now, poor man! I believe we must let him alone—Since he is past running down the fox in the field, he must e'en be allowed to hunt him in the parlour."

No. 85. TUESDAY, *February* 29, 1780.

Possum oblivisci qui fuerim? Non sentire qui sim? Quo caream honore? Quâ gloriâ? Quibus liberis? Quibus fortunis? CIC. ad ATT.

*A PERIODICAL publication, such as the Mirror, is, from its nature, confined chiefly to prose compositions. My illustrious predecessor, the Spectator, has, however, sometimes inserted a little poem among his other essays; and his example has been imitated by most of his successors. Perhaps it may be from this cause, that, among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them consist of poetical compositions. I must observe in general to these correspondents,

* This preamble to the poem was written by Lord Craig.

that, though the insertion of a poem, now and then, may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical composition that is fit for it. A poem may be possessed of very considerable merit, and may be entitled to applause, when published in a poetical collection, though, from its subject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be suited to the Mirror. I hope my poetical correspondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inserted, and will by no means consider their exclusion as proceeding from their being thought destitute of merit.

Among the poetical presents I have received, there is, however, one, which seems very well suited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it says, he has been informed that it was founded on the following inscrip-

tion (probably written from real feeling) on the window of an inn, situated in the Highlands of Scotland:

"Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wandering is the greatest woe;
On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
And Pine and Penury, a meagre train,
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend."

This poem contains a description of the situation of a Scotch gentleman, who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion against our present happy government. It points out the fatal consequences of such treasonable attempts, and represents the distress of the person described, in a very interesting and pathetic manner.

THE EXILE.

AN ELEGY.

WHERE, 'midst the ruins of a fallen state,
The once famed Tiber rolls his scanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a statue yet records the brave:

With trembling steps an Exile wandered near,
In Scottish weeds his shrivelled limbs arrayed;
His furrowed cheek was crossed with many a tear,
And frequent sighs his wounded soul betrayed.

Oh, wretch! he cried, that like some troubled ghost
Art doomed to wander round this world of woe,
While memory speaks of joy for ever lost,
Of peace, of comfort, thou hast ceased to know!

These are the scenes, with fancied charms endowed!
Where happier Britons casting pearls away,
The fools of sound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliss and freedom stray.

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whose faithful love still linked them to her side,
Torn from their dwelling, trod the desert plain,
No hut to shelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its snow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkness wrapped the heath they past,
Save one sad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient mansion of my fathers cast.

Calmly she saw the smouldering ruins glare;
"'Tis past, all-righteous God! 'tis past!" she cried;
"But for my Henry hear my latest prayer!"—
Big was her bursting heart;—she groaned, and died!——

Still, in my dreams, I see her form confessed,
Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled sky!—
And soon, she whispers, shall my Henry rest—
And, dimly smiling, points my place to die!

I hear that voice, I see that pale hand wave;
I come once more to view my native shore;
Stretched on Monimia's long-neglected grave,
To clasp the sod, and feel my woes no more!

No. [illegible]. Tuesday, March 21, 1780.

Non [illegible] Lydorum [illegible] Etruscos
[illegible]
[illegible] paternus
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Hor.

In estimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account, not only the merit or blame of their actions, abstractedly considered, but also that portion of either which those actions derive from the situation of the persons performing them. Besides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumstances have their peculiar obligations; and he who attains ele-

vation of place, or extent of fortune, increases not only the pleasure he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moralists have always complained, is apt to be forgotten; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure: but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life the same rule takes place, and is, in the same manner, but little attended to. In these, indeed, it is more liable to be disregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet, to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as essential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injustice in the one, as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men who could forgive the oppression of the powerful, and the encroachments of the wealthy, in more material instances, who never could pardon the haughtiness

of their demeanour, and the fastidiousness of their air.

It is strange, methinks, that the desire of depressing the humble, and overawing the modest, should be so common as it is among those on whom birth or station has conferred superiority. One might wonder how it should ever happen, that people should prefer being feared to being loved; to spread around them the chilness of unsocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the case; there is scarce any one who cannot recollect instances of persons, who seem to have exchanged all the pleasures of society, all intercourse of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of state and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform such persons, they are frequently mistaken. It must be on a mind very contemptible indeed, that mere

greatness can have the effects they are apt to ascribe to it. They cannot blast with a frown, or elevate with a smile, from rank or station alone, without some other qualities attending them. 'Tis with rank and station, as an acquaintance of mine, somewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, observed to me of dress: "Every man," said he, looking at himself in a mirror, "every man can put on a fine coat; but it is not every man who can wear one."

It is by no means so easy to do the honours of a high station, as many who attain high stations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himself is a feeling common to all; to settle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourselves, requires no inconsiderable degree of discernment; and the jealousy of inferior stations in this matter, will criticise with the utmost nicety the determinations of their superiors. In pro-

portion as the great claim respect or adulation, the spirit of those beneath them will commonly refuse it. We see daily examples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with slights where they demand respect, and are refused even the attention to which they are entitled, because they would impose attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtiness of demeanour that people shew themselves most haughty. There is a claim of superiority, amidst the condescension of some men, infinitely more disgusting than the distant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of such people play, "holding the lower end of familiarity." Orgilius keeps a pack of these end-holders constantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds; they open at his jests, follow the scent of every observa-

tion he makes, and run down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table; and, like the master of many a pack, he is despised by all his neighbours who have understanding, and hated by all those who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a patron; the power of patronising is but one ingredient in its composition. A patron must be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections; he must be so deserving of praise, as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is just, by resisting adulation. He must have that dignity of demeanour, which may keep his place in the circle; yet that gentleness, which may not overpower the most timid, or overawe the meanest. If he patronises the arts, he must know and feel them;

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they bestow in kindness, a source of last-
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No. 92. SATURDAY, *March* 25, 1780.

LOOKING from the window of a house where I was visiting some mornings ago, I observed on the opposite side of the street, a sign-post, ornamented with some little busts and bronzes, indicating a person to live there, by trade a figure-maker. On remarking to a gentleman who stood near me, that this was a profession I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing observations from trifles, and, I must confess, is a little inclined to take things on their worst side, replied, with a sarcastic smile, that it was one of the most common in life. While he spoke, a smart young man, who has lately set up a very showy equipage, passed by in his carriage at a quick trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a slight acquaintance with

than with the former. I have sometimes seen a high-spirited poor man at Lucullus's table, affronted by the production of Burgundy, and refuse Champaigne, because it had the *borachio* of our landlord's fourscore thousand pounds upon it. This was honest, and Lucullus had not much title to complain; but he knows not how often his Burgundy and Champaigne are drank by fellows who tell all the world, next day, of their former dinners with him at a shilling ordinary, with sixpenny-worth of punch, by way of regale, upon holidays.

There is an obligation to complacency, I had almost said humility of manners, which the acquisition of wealth or station lays on every man, though it has often, especially on weak minds, a directly opposite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or even rudeness, which from an equal we may easily pardon, from a su-

perior becomes a serious injury. When my school companion Marcus was a plain fellow like myself, I could have waited for him half an hour after the time of appointment, and laughed at his want of an apology when we met. But now that he is become a great man, I count the minutes of my attendance with impatience; and, when he swaggers up to his elbow-chair without an acknowledgment, I hate him for that arrogance which I think he assumes, and almost hate myself for bearing it as I do. The truth is, Marcus was born in the rank, but without the sensibilities, of a gentleman; a want, which no office in the state, no patent of dignity, can ever supply. If the term were rightly understood, I might confine my admonitions on the subject of this paper to three words, *be a gentleman*. The feelings of this character, which, in point of manners, is the most respectable of any,

will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneasiness by his own behaviour, as of suffering uneasiness from the behaviour of another.

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him, with that air of civil consequence which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himself intitled to. "That young gentleman," said my friend, "is a figure-maker, and the chariot he drives in is his sign-post. You might trace the brethren of this trade through every street, square, and house in town. Figure-making is common to all ranks, ages, tempers, and situations: there are rich and poor, extravagant and narrow, wise and foolish, witty and ridiculous, eloquent and silent, beautiful and ugly figure-makers. In short, there is scarce any body such a cypher from nature, as not to form some pretensions to making a figure in spite of her.

"The young man who bowed to you is an extravagant figure-maker, more remarkable from being successor to a narrow one. I knew his father well, and have often visited him in the course of money-transactions, at his office, as it was

called, in the garret-story of a dark airless house, where he sat like the genius of Lucre, brooding in his hole over the wealth his parsimony had acquired him. The very ink with which he wrote was adulterated with water, and he delayed mending his pen till the characters it formed were almost illegible. Yet he too had great part of his enjoyment from the opinion of others, and was not insensible to the pleasures of figure-making. I have often seen him in his threadbare brown coat, stop on the street, to wait the passing of some of his well-dressed debtors, that he might have the pleasure of insulting them with the intimacy to which their situations intitled him; and I once knew him actually lend a large sum, on terms less advantageous than it was his custom to insist upon, merely because it was a peer who wanted to borrow, and that he had applied in vain to two right honourable relations of immense fortune.

" His son has just the same desire of shewing his wealth that the father had; but he takes a very different method of displaying it. Both, however, display, not enjoy, their wealth, and draw equal satisfaction from the consequence derived from it in the opinion of others. The father kept guineas in his coffers which he never used; the son changes, indeed, the species of property, but has just as little the power of using it. He keeps horses in his stable, mistresses in lodgings, and servants in livery, to no better purpose than his father did guineas. He gives dinners, at which he eats made dishes that he detests, and drinks Champaigne and Burgundy, instead of his old beverage of port and punch, till he is sick, because they are the dishes and drink of great and rich men. The son's situation has the advantage of brilliancy, but the father's was more likely to be permanent; he was daily growing richer with the aspect of

poverty; his son is daily growing poorer, with the appearance of wealth.

"It is impossible to enumerate the pranks which the sudden acquisition of riches, joined to this desire of figure-making, sets people a-playing. There is nothing so absurd or extravagant, which riches, in the hands of a weak man, will not tempt him to commit; from the mere idea of enjoying his money in the way of exhibition. Nay, this will happen to persons of whose sense and discretion the world had formerly a high opinion, even where that opinion was a just one; for wealth often makes fools where it does not find them." My friend happening to cast his eye towards me at that moment, discovered a smile on my countenance: "You are thinking now," said he, "that you and I could endure being left twenty or thirty thousand pounds, notwithstanding the truth of my observation." "It would spoil your lecture," I replied;

" but you may go on in the mean time." He took the pinch of snuff which my remark had stopped in its progress towards his nose, and went on.

"From this motive of figure-making," continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, " Beauty puts on her airs, and wit labours for a *bon mot*, till the first becomes ugly, and the latter tiresome. You may have frequently observed Betsy Ogle in a company of her ordinary acquaintance, look charmingly, because she did not care how she looked, till the appearance of a gentleman, with a fine coat or a title, has set her a-tossing her head, rolling her eyes, biting her lips, twisting her neck, and bringing her whole figure to bear upon him, till the expression of her countenance became perfect folly, and her attitudes downright distortion. In the same way our friend Ned Glib, (who has more wit than any man I know, could he but learn the economy of it,)

when some happy strokes of humour have given him credit with himself and the company, will set out full tilt, mimicking, caricaturing, punning, and story-telling, till every body present wishes him dumb, and looks grave in proportion as he laughs.

"That wit and beauty should be desirous of making a figure, is not to be wondered at, admiration being the very province they contend for. That folly and ugliness should thrust themselves forward to public notice, might be matter of surprise, did we not recollect that their owners most probably think themselves witty and handsome. In these, indeed, as in many other instances, it unfortunately happens, that people are strangely bent upon making a figure in those very departments, where they have least chance of succeeding.

"But there is a species of animal, several of whom must have fallen under the

notice of every body present, which it is difficult to class, either among the witty or the foolish, the clever or the dull, the wise or the mad, who, of all others, have the greatest propensity to figure-making. Nature seems to have made them up in haste, and to have put the different ingredients, above referred to, into their composition at random. They are more common in such a place as this, than in a more extensive sphere; like some vermin, that breed in ponds and rivulets, which a larger stream or lake would destroy. Our circle is just large enough to give their talents room, and small enough to be affected by their exertion. Here, therefore, there is never wanting a junto of them of both sexes, who are liked or hated, admired or despised, who make people laugh, or set them asleep, according to the fashion of the time, or the humour of their audience, and who have always the satisfaction of talking themselves, and

of being talked of by others. With us, indeed, a very moderate degree of genius is sufficient for this purpose; in small societies, folks are set agape by small circumstances. I have known a lady here contrive to make a figure for half the winter, on the strength of a plume of feathers, or the trimming of a petticoat; and a gentleman make shift to be thought a fine fellow, only by outdoing every body else in the thickness of his queue, or the height of his foretop.

"But people will not only make themselves fools; I have known instances of their becoming knaves, or, at least, boasting of their being so, from this desire of figure-making. You shall hear a fellow, who has once got the character of being a sharp man, tell things of himself, for which, if they had been true, he deserved to be hanged, merely because his line of figure-making lies in trick and chicane; hence too, proceed all those histories of

their own profligacies and vice, which some young men of spirit are perpetually relating, who are willing to record themselves villains, rather than not be recorded at all.

" In the arts, as well as in the characters of men, this same propensity is productive of strange disorders. Hence proceed the bombast of poetry, the tumor of prose, the garish light of some paintings, the unnatural *chiaro scuro* of others; hence, in music, the absurd mixture of discordant movements, and the squeak of high-strained cadences; in short, all those sins against nature and simplicity, which artists of inferior merit are glad to practise, in order to extort the notice of the public, and to make a figure by surprise and singularity."

The accidental interruption of a new visitor now stopped the current of my friend's discourse; he had, indeed, begun to tire most of the company, who were

not all disposed to listen quite so long as he seemed inclined to speak. In truth, he had forgot, that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty strongly to himself; and that, though he might suppose he was lecturing from the desire of reformation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the spirit of figure-making.

No. 93. TUESDAY, *March* 28, 1780.

Parva leves capiunt animos. OVID.

THAT life consists, in a great measure, of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon sagacity or attention to discover. Notwithstanding the importance we are apt to ascribe to the employments and the time, even of the greatest and most illustrious, were we to trace such persons to the end of their labours, and the close of their pursuits, we should frequently discover, that trifles were the solace of the one, and the purpose of the other. Public business and political arrangement are often only the constrained employments to which

accident or education have devoted their hours, while their willing moments are destined, perhaps, to light amusements, and to careless mirth.

It is not, then, surprising, that trifles should form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the public has no claim, and individuals have little dependence. But, of those trifles, the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumstances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion, or delicate sentiment, will stoop with a certain consciousness of its descent, that will not allow it to wanton into absurdity, or sink into grossness. There is, in short, a difference, which sense and feeling will not easily forget, between the little and the mean, the simple and the rude, the playful and the foolish.

But the surest mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidst the

enjoyment of trifles; a bustle of serious business amidst the most insignificant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones, is the true burlesque in character, as well as in style; yet such characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired some estimation in the world. In this particular, the world is easily deceived; dulness may often ape solemnity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard; as objects are magnified by mists, and made awful by darkness.

Of a character of this sort I received, some time ago, the following sketch from a young lady, who sometimes honours me with her correspondence, whose vivacity can give interest to trifles, and entertainment to absurdity.

DEAR SIR,

YOU made me promise, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country, at present, merely as country, presents no landscape, but one undistinguished tract of snow; vegetation is locked up in frost, and we are locked up within doors; but something might be traced within doors, had I a good pencil for the purpose.—Mine host, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad subject; suppose I make him sit for his picture.

Believe me, he is not quite the sensible intelligent man we were told he was.—So much the better, I like oddities—even now and then in town, still better in the country; but in frost and snow, and all

the dreary confinement of winter,—Oh! your battledore and shuttlecock are a joke to them.

You remember a long while ago, (so long, that I have forgot every part of the book but the name,) we read Nature Displayed together. You then told me of a certain Mr Leuwenhock, I think you called him, whose microscope shewed the circulation of frog's blood, the scales of the scales of fishes, the bristles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr G. R. has always such a glass as Leuwenhock's in his noddle; every little thing is so great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of such importance !—but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better; and now for a few sketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whose government I live.

I discovered, on my first entry into his house, that every thing was in exact

order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its respective use. The gentlemen were to put their hats and sticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family apothecary get a severe rebuke for violating the chastity of the clog-corner with his rattan. I have hitherto escaped much censure on this score: luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr R.'s youngest sister, a grave, considerate, orderly young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got into favour with those grave ladies——God knows, I little deserve it.—Miss Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with some apology: or, if all won't do, I laugh, as is my way; Mr R. calls me rattleskull; says, he shall bring me into order by and bye, and there's an end on't.

By that attention to trifles, for which,

from his earliest days, he was remarkable, Mr R. made himself commodious to some persons of considerable influence, and procured many advantages, to which neither from birth nor fortune he was any wise entitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and distinguished abilities, by whose means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and when he returned from abroad, was often in the society of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like a gauze searce, it admitted nothing of any magnitude: amidst great men and great things, it took in only the dust that fell from them.

He was reading in the newspapers, the other morning, of the marriage of the Honourable Miss W—— to Sir H. S——. "Ah!" said he, "to think how time passes! I remember her grandfather, Lord W——, well; a great man, a very

great man. We met at Naples, and afterwards went to Parma together. I gave him the genuine receipt for the Parmasan cheese, which I went purposely to procure, while he was examining some statues and ancient manuscripts. We were ever afterwards on the most friendly footing imaginable. I was with him a few mornings before the marriage of Lord C. W——, this very Miss W——'s father. I remember it well;—it was at breakfast;—I often breakfasted with him before he went to the house:—he always eat buttered muffins; but when I was there, he used to order dry toast; I always eat dry toast.—The bride was with us; I was intimately acquainted with her too; she let me into the whole secret of the courtship. Her father's principal inducement to the match:—it was a long affair,—the B——— estate was to be settled on the young folks at the marriage; no, not all—part of the B——— estate,

with the manor in Lincolnshire.—But, as I was saying, we were at breakfast at Lord W——'s. His son and the bride were by; Lord C. had velvet breeches, and gold clocks in his stockings; the question was, whether this was proper? I put it to the bride; I made her blush, I warrant you; she was a fine woman, a prodigious fine woman; she always used my wash-ball: I wrote out the receipt for her; it was given me at Vienna by Count O——; a very great man Count O——, and knew more of the affairs of the empire than any man in Germany.—From him I first learned with certainty, that the Duchess of Lorraine's two fore-teeth were false ones. I remember he had an old grey monkey—Sister Mary, you have heard me tell the story of Count O——'s monkey."—But here it pleased heaven that William called his master out of the room, and saved us from the Count and his old grey monkey.

This superficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with some of the terms of state business, has given him a consequential sort of phraseology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the most trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaise for his eldest sister, himself, and me, the white pad for Sophy, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it, "regulating the order of the procession;" when he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the store-room, (for he does both in person, he tells us, he has been "granting the supplies;" the acceptance, or offer of a visit, he lays before "a committee of the whole house;" and for the killing of the fat ox this Christmas, he called the gentlemen three successive mornings to "a grand council of war."

It were well if all this were only matter of amusement; but some of us find it a source of very serious distress. Your

managing men are commonly plagues; but Mr R. manages so much to a hair's-breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yesterday we had the honour of a ceremonious visit from some great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their mince-pies in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of servants, and trampling upon the stairs all morning, Mr R. came down to the drawing-room at a quarter before three, with all his usual fiddle-faddlation, but, as I thought, in very good humour. He had on his great company wig, and his round set shoe-buckles. The servants had their liveries new white-balled, and the best china was set out, with the large silver salvers, and the embossed porter-cups, on the side-board. The covers were stripped from the worked chair-bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and

This superficial knowl[illegible]
and accidental acquaint[illegible]
the terms of state busin[illegible]
a consequential sort of pl[illegible]
he applies, with all the gr[illegible]
to the most trifling oc[illegible]
he orders the chaise [illegible]
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and the old road mare [illegible]
he calls it, "regulat[illegible]
procession;" when he [illegible]
from the cellar, and [illegible]
the store-room, (for he [illegible]
son,) he tells us, he [illegible]
the supplies;" the [illegible]
of a visit, he lays h[illegible]
the whole house;" [illegible]
the fat ox this Chri[illegible]
gentlemen three suc[illegible]
"a grand council of [illegible]

It were well if all t[illegible]
ter of amusement; but [illegible]
a source of very serio[illegible]

... into the callico bed-chamber, and ... ordinary blue and white into the pink ...mask." It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his sisters, and see all the odds and ends about me! But what has he to do to be a guardian? Yet nature, perhaps, meant him for something, if fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a pin-shop, in sticking the rows in a pin-paper.

I fancy you have quite enough of my landlord. You used to say I was the best of your philosophers, your Democritus in petticoats. If I have an inch of philosophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I assure you; you are welcome to it, however, such as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the great views of nature and life; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of insects.

Yours most truly,

C. F.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of a family of young ladies, who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleased, though we could wish it were not quite so grave, and had a little more love in it. But we have found out, of late, that it is none of your own, but mostly borrowed from other people. A cousin of ours, who is himself a fine scholar, and has a great acquaintance among the critics, shewed us many different instances of this. Your first paper, he told us, was copied from the first paper of the Spectator; and, upon looking into both, we found them exactly the same, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your Umphraville, he said, was

just Sir Roger de Coverley; which we perfectly agreed in, except that my sister Betsy observed, Umphraville wanted the widow, which all of us think the very best part of Sir Roger. Your Bobby Button, he assured us, was borrowed from No. 13. of "The True Patriot," published by Mr Fielding, who wrote "Tom Jones;" and there, indeed, we found there was a story of a young gentleman, who liked French wine better than his country, just like Sir Bobby. No. 72. which we thought a very sweet paper, he informed us was taken from the "Night Thoughts;" and, indeed, though we don't understand Latin, we saw plainly, that the mottos were the same to a T. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning, who used formerly to be a great advocate for the Mirror, confessed to us, that our cousin's intelligence was literally true;

and, more than all that, he told us, that your very last number was to be found every word of it, in Johnson's Dictionary.

We send you therefore notice, sir, that unless you can contrive to give us something new for the future, we shall be obliged to countermand our subscription for the Mirror. We can have a reading of a fresh Novel every morning for the money, with a spick and span new story in it, such as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

Yours, &c.

EVELINA.

No. 99. TUESDAY, *April* 18, 1780.

——*Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,*
Aut ad humum, mœrore gravi, deducit et angit.
HOR.

CRITICISM, like every thing else, is subject to the prejudices of our education, or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from justice, the most common and the most allowable; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate relation of that patriotism, which has been ranked among the first virtues of characters the most eminent and illustrious. To authors, however, of a rank so elevated as to aspire to universal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been sometimes prejudicial; in proportion as they have unreasonably applauded, the critics of

other countries, from a very common sort of feeling, have unreasonably censured; and there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either side may not, from a partial view of their works, find some ground for estimating at a rate much above, or much below, the standard of justice.

No author, perhaps, ever existed, of whom opinion has been so various as Shakespeare. Endowed with all the sublimity, and subject to all the irregularities, of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praise, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticism, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, has imposed, leaves no legal code by which the decision can be regulated; and in the feelings of different readers, the same passage may appear simple or mean, natural or preposterous, may excite admiration, or create disgust.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular passages, or incidents, that Shakespeare is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the most distorted of the former, and probability in the most unaccountable of the latter; yet it must be owned, that, in both, there are often gross defects, which criticism cannot justify, though the situation of the poet, and the time in which he wrote, may easily excuse. But we are to look for the superiority of Shakespeare in the astonishing and almost supernatural powers of his invention, his absolute command over the passions, and his wonderful knowledge of nature. Of the structure of his stories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently careless; these he took at random from the legendary tale, or the extravagant romance; but his intimate acquaintance with the human mind seldom or never

forsakes him; and, amidst the most fantastic and improbable situations, the persons of his drama speak in the language of the heart, and in the style of their characters.

Of all the characters of Shakespeare, that of Hamlet has been generally thought the most difficult to be reduced to any fixed or settled principle. With the strongest purposes of revenge, he is irresolute and inactive; amidst the gloom of the deepest melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and while he is described as a passionate lover, he seems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to enquire, whether any leading idea can be found, upon which these apparent contradictions may be reconciled, and a character so pleasing in the closet, and so much applauded on the stage, rendered as unambiguous in the general as it is striking in detail? I will

venture to lay before my readers some observations on this subject, though with the diffidence due to a question of which the public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The basis of Hamlet's character seems to be an extreme sensibility of mind, apt to be strongly impressed by its situation, and overpowered by the feelings which that situation excites. Naturally of the most virtuous and most amiable dispositions, the circumstances in which he was placed unhinged those principles of action, which, in another situation, would have delighted mankind, and made himself happy. That kind of distress which he suffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, though they may overwhelm at first, the mind will soon call up reflections to alleviate, and hopes to cheer;

they were such as reflection only serves to irritate, such as rankle in the soul's tenderest part, her sense of virtue and feelings of natural affection; they arose from an uncle's villainy, a mother's guilt, a father's murder! Yet, amidst the gloom of melancholy, and the agitation of passion, in which his calamities involve him, there are occasional breakings-out of a mind, richly endowed by nature, and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleness in his demeanour, wit in his conversation, taste in his amusements, and wisdom in his reflections.

That Hamlet's character, thus formed by nature, and thus modelled by situation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not disposed to deny. I will content myself with the supposition, that this is the very character which Shakespeare meant to allot him. Finding such a character in real life, of a person endowed with feel-

ings so delicate as to border on weakness, with sensibility too exquisite to allow of determined action, he has placed it where it could be best exhibited, in scenes of wonder, of terror, and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be most strongly marked amidst the workings of imagination and the war of the passions.

This is the very management of the character by which, above all others, we could be interested in its behalf. Had Shakespeare made Hamlet pursue his vengeance with a steady determined purpose, had he led him through difficulties arising from accidental causes, and not from the doubts and hesitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the spectator might have been highly raised; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the person. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weaknesses of Hamlet, as our own; we see a man who, in other circumstances, would have exercised all

the moral and social virtues, one whom nature had formed to be,

> "The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers,"

placed in a situation, in which even the amiable qualities of his mind serve but to aggravate his distress, and to perplex his conduct. Our compassion for the first, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the strongest manner; and hence arises that indescribable charm in Hamlet, which attracts every reader and every spectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never dispose us to feel.

The Orestes of the Greek poet, who, at his first appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he resolutely pursues, interests us for the accomplishment of his purpose; but of him, we think only as the instrument of that justice which we wish to overtake the murderers of Aga-

memnon. We feel with Orestes, (or rather with Sophocles, for in such passages we always hear the poet in his hero,) that "it is fit that such gross infringements of the moral law should be punished with death, in order to render wickedness less frequent;" but when Horatio exclaims on the death of his friend,

"Now cracks a noble heart!"

we forget the murder of the king, the villainy of Claudius, the guilt of Gertrude; our recollection dwells only on the memory of that "sweet prince," the delicacy of whose feelings a milder planet should have ruled, whose gentle virtues should have bloomed through a life of felicity and usefulness.

Hamlet, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whose spirits were overborne by his feelings. Grief for

The account he gives of his own feelings to Rosincrantz and Guildenstern, which is evidently spoken in earnest, though somewhat covered with the mist of his affected distraction, is exactly descriptive of a mind full of that weariness of life which is characteristic of low spirits:

" This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory," &c.

And, indeed, he expressly delineates his own character as of the kind above-mentioned, when, hesitating on the evidence of his uncle's villainy, he says,

" The spirit that I have seen
May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
Abuses me to damn me."

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpose is founded, is as often the effect, as the cause, of irresolution, which first

hesitates, and then seeks out an excuse for its hesitation.

It may, perhaps, be doing Shakespeare no injustice to suppose, that he sometimes began a play, without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his piece. The character of some principal person of the drama might strike his imagination strongly in the opening scenes; as he went on, this character would continue to impress itself on the conduct, as well as the discourse, of that person, and, it is possible, might affect the situations and incidents, especially in those romantic or legendary subjects, where history did not confine him to certain unchangeable events. In the story of Amleth, the son of Horwondil, told by Saxo-Grammaticus, from which the story of Hamlet is taken, the young prince, who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle Fengo,

counterfeits madness, that he may be allowed to remain about the court in safety, and without suspicion. He never forgets his purposed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accomplishment than the Hamlet of Shakespeare. But Shakespeare, wishing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the same time to interest the audience in his behalf, throws around him, from the beginning, the majesty of melancholy, along with that sort of weakness and irresolution which frequently attends it. The incident of the Ghost, which is entirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Danish legend, not only produces the happiest stage effect, but is also of the greatest advantage in unfolding that character which is stamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications of such a visionary being, there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which are aptly

No. 100. SATURDAY, *April* 22, 1780.

THE view of Hamlet's character, exhibited in my last number, may, perhaps, serve to explain a difficulty, which has always occurred both to the reader and the spectator, on perceiving his madness, at one time, put on the appearance, not of fiction, but of reality; a difficulty by which some have been induced to suppose the distraction of the prince a strange unaccountable mixture throughout, of real insanity and counterfeit disorder.

The distraction of Hamlet, however, is clearly affected through the whole play; always subject to the controul of his reason, and subservient to the accomplishment of his designs. At the grave of

Ophelia, indeed, it exhibits some temporary marks of a real disorder. His mind, subject from nature to all the weakness of sensibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of Ophelia's death, amidst the fixed and permanent impression of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poise, and in the paroxysm of the moment, breaks into that extravagant rhapsody which he utters to Laertes.

Counterfeited madness, in a person of the character I have ascribed to Hamlet, could not be so uniformly kept up, as not to allow the reigning impressions of his mind to shew themselves in the midst of his affected extravagance. It turns chiefly on his love to Ophelia, which he means to hold forth as its great subject. But it frequently glanced on the wickedness of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his business to conceal.

In two of Shakespeare's tragedies are

introduced, at the same time, instances of counterfeit madness, and of real distraction. In both plays the same distinction is observed, and the false discriminated from the true by similar appearances. Lear's imagination constantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the resignation of his crown; and Ophelia, after she has wasted the first ebullience of her distraction in some wild and incoherent sentences, fixes on the death of her father for the subject of her song;

> "They bore him bare-faced on the bier——
> And will he not come again?
> And will he not come again?" &c.

But Edgar puts on a semblance as opposite as may be to his real situation, and his ruling thoughts. He never ventures on any expression, bordering on the subjects of a father's cruelty, or a son's misfortune. Hamlet, in the same manner,

he would naturally go as far from the reality as possible. Had he not loved her at all, or slightly loved her, he might have kept up some appearance of passion amidst his feigned insanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by such a resemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright caricature of our friend much easier than an unfavourable likeness.

It must be allowed, however, that the momentous scenes in which he is afterwards engaged, seem to have smothered, if not extinguished, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulness of Ophelia so soon after her death, cannot easily be justified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt justifying Shakespeare in such particulars. "Time," says Dr Johnson, "toiled after him in vain." He seems often to forget its rights, as well in the progress of the passions, as in the business of the stage. That change of feeling and of resolution

which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a single scene. Whether love is to be excited, or resentment allayed, guilt to be made penitent or sorrow cheerful, the effect is frequently produced in a space hardly sufficient for words to express it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet was not so happy in the delineation of love as of the other passions. Were it not treason against the majesty of Shakespeare, one might observe, that, though he looked with a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of nature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a knowledge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch in his pictures the nicer shades of polished manners; and, without this knowledge, love can seldom be introduced on the stage, but with a degree of coarseness which will offend an audience of good taste. This observation is not meant to extend to Shakespeare's tragic scenes: in

situations of deep distress, or violent emotion, the manners are lost in the passions; but if we examine his lovers, in the lighter scenes of ordinary life, we shall generally find them trespassing against the rules of decorum, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gaiety and playfulness of deportment and of conversation, which Hamlet sometimes not only assumes, but seems actually disposed to, is, I apprehend, no contradiction to the general tone of melancholy in his character. That sort of melancholy which is the most genuine, as well as the most amiable of any, neither arising from natural sourness of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate sensibility, impressed with a sense of sorrow, or a feeling of its own weakness, will, I believe, often be found indulging itself in a sportfulness of external behaviour, amidst the pressure of a sad, or even the anguish of

a broken heart. Slighter emotions affect our ordinary discourse; but deep distress, sitting in the secret gloom of the soul, casts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, but suffers them to trick themselves out in the usual garb of indifference, or of gaiety, according to the fashion of the society around it, or the situation in which they chance to arise. The melancholy man feels in himself (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of double person; one which, covered with the darkness of its imagination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes any concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits; another, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itself to their tempers and manners, and indulge, without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a smile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

The conversation of Hamlet with the [illegible] seems to me to be perfectly

accounted for under this supposition; and, instead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the story, I never see him in that scene, without receiving, from his transient jests with the clown before him, an idea of the deepest melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places serious and important things, marks the power of that great impression, which swallows up every thing else in his mind, which makes Cæsar and Alexander so indifferent to him, that he can trace their remains in the plaster of a cottage, or the stopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the same turn of mind, which, from the elevation of its sorrow, looks down on the bustle of ambition, and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflection in the fourth act, on the expedition of Fortinbras.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuse the judgment of Mr Garrick, or the taste of his audience; but I

cannot help thinking, that the exclusion of the scene of the Grave-digger, in his alteration of the tragedy of Hamlet, was not only a needless, but an unnatural violence done to the work of his favourite poet.

Shakespeare's genius attended him in all his extravagancies. In the licence he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of those critical rules which might have restrained him within it, there is this advantage, that it gives him an opportunity of delineating the passions and affections of the human mind, as they exist in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed scenes of life; not as they are accommodated, by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impression, or an uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It seems therefore preposterous, to endeavour to regularize his plays, at the expence of

depriving them of this peculiar excellence, especially as the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and can never bring his pieces to the standard of criticism, or the form of the Aristotelian drama. Within the bounds of a pleasure-garden, we may be allowed to smooth our terraces, and trim our hedge-rows; but it were equally absurd as impracticable, to apply the minute labours of the roller and the pruning-knife, to the nobler irregularity of trackless mountains and impenetrable forests.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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